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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Marconi Committee has been busy with denials by members of Parliament and others. Nearly everyone mentioned by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs in connexion with a rumoured Poulsen conspiracy against the Marconi contract has either appeared before the Committee or written denying everything. Mr. Norton Griffiths has appeared, Sir Henry Norman has written, Mr. Charles Kerr has both written and appeared. Major Archer Shee repudiated all the suggestions last week. Mr. Hawkings, who was Mr. Godfrey Isaacs' informant, stuck to his position that Poulsen rivalry or rather worse would give the key to much of the mystery and rumour about Ministers; but he could not give a single name. All the brothers Isaacs have now been examined.

Mr. Butcher is a real acquisition to the Marconi Inquiry. He is, for instance, not the sort of man to mind in the least smart retorts and "scores" at his own expense, should they be attempted, provided he can press his points. This is a very useful thing indeed; and no doubt everybody welcomes him on the Committee.

Mr. Asquith's decision to have Mr. Moore M.P. back at the House is amusing. To do Mr. Asquith justice we do not think he wishes to get a little credit for generosity out of it. No; he does it because he does not like to queer his own parliamentary pitch; and it is obvious that a Leader of the House of Commons who took the line that it is no loss to a constituency to be disfranchised would be queering his parliamentary pitch most distinctly. Let us all then thank the Prime Minister politely for nothing.

As to Mr. Moore, we all know him for a bold, straight-speaking, straight-hitting man; and probably a good

many of his opponents even have a sneaking admiration for his honesty and his trenchant way—even though they may not wish "to die in the last ditch" with him, as we think Mr. Healy once proposed to do with Mr. Johnson of Ballykilbeg. We note by the way that several Liberal newspapers have been busy advising Mr. Moore how to put himself, deportmentally, in the right—or in the wrong—on the strength of Mr. Asquith's decision. It is droll to observe the way in which the Radical and Nationalist party, late in the day, has come out as a school of instruction in manners and etiquette.

Mr. Lloyd George made it quite clear on Monday that the Provisional Taxes Bill was merely intended by the Government to tide them over the difficulty created by Mr. Bowles. These unnecessary assurances were for the anxious Radicals, who are by no means eager to make things easy for a Tariff Reform Cabinet. Mr. Murray Macdonald's amendment to exclude new taxes was of course accepted. It was met by Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a challenge, and he now opposes the whole Bill. A rather amusing amendment, designed to protect Mr. Bowles from any attempt of the Exchequer to get back the sum at issue in his case, was not allowed. But Mr. Bowles is gravely assured he will be left with his winnings.

Mr. Balfour, to judge from his speech in the City, thinks the House of Commons will last his time; but he dares not think beyond. He especially fears a reformed second chamber—indeed, if this reformed assembly is to be partly elective, Mr. Balfour does not see how the House of Commons will have a chance of remaining top-dog. If the "reformed" House of Lords, in addition to its other claims on the country's respect, can also claim to represent the country, what becomes, below, of your mere chamber of deputies? Mr. Balfour looks into the future for the irony of things; and he, at any rate, sees quite clearly at the end of the Commons' attempt to humiliate the Lords their sure subjection to a House of Lords reformed.

It was held by the Government in 1907 that the force maintained for home defence should be one capable of dealing with an invading army of 70,000. Lord Crewe

has announced a change of standard. Not invaders, but raiders, are to be feared in Great Britain. Finding the second line will not come up to their own standard, the standard is cut to measure. Our second line can only be required to meet a "kind of attack by way of raid". The invaders are to arrive in fragments and sections without artillery and without cavalry, so that they may be cut up at leisure by the amateur soldiers of the Territorial companies. Lord Crewe's speech is the most alarming yet delivered as from the Government. They realise that their own standard of safety is not maintained; but they are not prepared to do anything to maintain it.

Lord S. Audries, in this debate, delivered his first set speech in the House of Lords. It was admirably argued, and refreshed with a personal touch. Lord S. Audries is an officer of the National Reserve; and well knows the thin places of our second line. He commands a company of old Guardsmen in Somerset. He has not the least idea, he tells us, what he would do if war broke out. He has not even a uniform. A man taken in arms without a uniform may be shot. Lord S. Audries would have to choose between wearing a Privy Councillor's uniform or the uniform of an old Guardsman, wherein he would be so conspicuous that he would easily be picked off at the first advance. Otherwise he must be captured without a uniform and executed. Matter for jest, perhaps; but gravely characteristic of our makeshift defence.

The other day Italy launched a new Dreadnought, the "Andrea Doria". It was done amidst a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm. Great crowds poured into Spezzia from all parts of Italy, and tens of thousands of the sightseers were, obviously, quite poor people. Mr. Winston Churchill should have been there. We suggest he would have learnt more about the Mediterranean naval question in half an hour there than he can learn in many years at the Admiralty.

What is the lesson of this launch at Spezzia, and what bearing has it on English naval policy? Little Englanders may say it has nothing to do with England, and that it does not really affect us now and will not in the future. But actually it has everything to do with England, and cannot fail to affect us in the near future. Italy is hurrying forward with her plans for new Dreadnoughts and new super-Dreadnoughts simply because England has scuttled clean out of the Mediterranean, bag and baggage. That England has clean gone is beyond the least doubt; it is almost, though probably not quite, beyond even an official Admiralty denial or Government denial in the House of Commons.

To know this absolutely it is only necessary to go to Genoa and make a few inquiries. The British flag does not fly to-day at Genoa. It does not even fly at half-mast. It has been hauled down and sent away. The very rapid cruisers that were to replace the English fleet in the Mediterranean are phantom cruisers. The Genoese have not seen them. It is suggested that they may be somewhere near Gibraltar with their noses pointing in the direction of the North Sea and full steam up. Even this, however, is not known for sure.

Italy is building for dear life because she sees that England has left the Mediterranean, and that there is thus an end of the old tradition and understanding between herself and England in the matter of naval power and "policing" in that sea. At the same time, whilst she builds in hot haste she is cementing, practically, an alliance with her old enemy Austria, who is also busy building. What Italy says is this: England has run away from the Mediterranean, kindly asking France to police these waters. But we do not like this arrangement in the least. We have just established ourselves in North Africa, and we dread being a walnut to be broken between the crackers of France on the one side and Russia on the other. We must build ships or simply perish, and we must work in with Austria.

If Mr. Churchill will make inquiries in the right way in the right quarters he will find that this is the true position in the Mediterranean to-day, and that this is the meaning of the great display at Spezzia. England has not only cleared out of the Mediterranean; she has cleared out in such a way as somewhat to mystify, and far more to alarm, Italy. "Either England has something up her sleeve or she has gone mad", expresses very well the official view in Italy of the withdrawal from the Mediterranean. If you say to the official "I assure you England has nothing up her sleeve", he will as politely as possible reply "She really has gone mad, then?" Whether it is better for a country to be regarded as crafty or as merely mad may diplomatically be a moot question.

Montenegro remains recalcitrant. The blockade is going on and Scutari is still besieged. There seems no reason why this state of things should not stand indefinitely. No blockade need bring Montenegro to terms; and if Scutari is taken things can only be worse. The one new thing in the situation is the withdrawal of the Servian troops from the siege in obedience to the views of the Powers. This is well, so far as it goes; probably making it impossible for the Montenegrins to take Scutari; but will it make them believe it or the more inclined to accept the inevitable?

The Nancy affair is certainly seriously regrettable. It should have no international ill-consequences: it ought not to affect feeling between the French and German peoples; but it is an unpleasant business all the same. A small party of Germans, including ladies, went into a casino theatre at Nancy. Some students made themselves offensive to them and followed them later on to a restaurant and insulted them there. In the end there was a small anti-German demonstration as the party left for Metz. For this misconduct there is no possible excuse, and Frenchmen generally will not attempt to palliate it. The thing is ugly as a symptom of anti-German bitterness in France. If, as has been suggested, there was provocation in their talking German at the restaurant, things have come to a pretty pass, indeed.

King Alfonso knows what are the risks of a king in Spain. "Some day they will get me", he has been heard to say. That he moves so freely among his people argues no ignorance of the risk. The risk is an incident of his calling; he has faced and is ready for the possible worst. This accounts for the unshaken courage—it might almost be mistaken for phlegm—with which these successive attempts upon his life are met. Cowards die many times. King Alfonso dies but once, so that the thousand deaths of every day are no longer to be feared.

While a handful of Suffragists are burning down and blowing up property to get a vote, 370,000 working men in Belgium have started a national strike to get a universal flat suffrage, and so far nothing has happened except the mere fact of their laying down tools. Railways and tramways carry people to pleasure and business as usual. A Bill has been submitted to the Chamber to enable the question of electoral reform to be put by way of referendum to the nation. Whether this will be accepted as a feasible method of settling the difficulty, or whether the strikers will cease to be so amiable, is as yet quite uncertain.

The Government has at last had enough of the suffragettes in Hyde Park. "I do perceive that I am made an ass." Mr. McKenna will no longer be forcibly ridiculous. He will no longer insist that the women shall provoke riots when they please and be rescued to their hearts' content. No meetings at all is the new order; and the police are now relieved from an absurd and unnecessary duty. It is easier to prevent the women from going to Hyde Park than to get them safely away. Sir Edward Henry has prevailed; he definitely told

Mr. McKenna that for the police to keep order was impossible. He now has authority to stop the meetings—which is easier. Mr. Lansbury, too, is prosecuted. The Government is waking up to the advantages of having the public sympathy. The public want to see this nuisance abated.

Mr. Keir Hardie protested on Wednesday evening in the House of Commons against this last violation of free speech. Mr. Hardie is a suffraget, heart and soul. He loses his wits and his temper on this theme. His latest extraordinary suggestion is that the Government should protect the suffragettes with a regiment. The suffragettes want to speak against the law; and, if the public will not permit them, Mr. Hardie would shoot the public down. Mr. Hardie has at last found a use for soldiers.

The Indian Finance and Currency Commission includes no independent expert of Indian experience in the higher branches of finance administration. The very capable official who represents the Indian Government has only just taken up the duties of Financial Secretary, and will before long have to return to active service and higher promotion. Is this the outcome of a suggestion made in the House of Commons that the impartiality and moral sanction of the Commission would be imperilled by the inclusion of an ex-Indian official? Otherwise the personnel is representative. The terms of the reference cover all points. The crux of the inquiry will be to devise a suitable machinery, outside the ordinary staff, for carrying out the large and delicate financial operations of the India Office.

The Putumayo Commission has this week finished the examinations of Señor Arana, Mr. Hardenburg, and Captain Whiffen, and counsel for Señor Arana has addressed the Committee. Mr. Hogg took the same line of defence that has been taken throughout. There is no denial of the facts in the report; but it is contended that the evidence does not show knowledge on the part of Arana or of the directors, though if Arana knew it would strengthen the inference against the directors. When Mr. Hardenburg saw Arana in 1908 he told him nothing of the atrocities. Captain Whiffen asserts that he informed him in 1909; but Arana denies this.

Several libel actions are almost certain to be brought arising out of the relations of Arana, Hardenburg, and Captain Whiffen. Captain Whiffen, indeed, issued a writ some time ago; but it was not served, as Arana had left this country. The Committee seems pretty well to have done its work in regard to these personal questions, and it cannot be said that its investigations make things so clear that libel actions would be a superfluous luxury. It may be doubted whether the various parties have been fairly treated in having matters, which may yet come into court, inquired into by the Committee uncontrolled by the rules of evidence. The communication to the Foreign Office of documents obtained by Arana from Captain Whiffen after dinner in Paris, and Captain Whiffen's subsequent employment by the Foreign Office, make a story of alleged blackmailing it will not be easy to unravel.

Lord Haldane's new Bill for creating two additional Lords of Appeal drops the ambitious idea of making one Supreme Court with two branches, the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee. But with nine Judges available for alternate sittings in either Court, it should meet the desires of the Colonial Conference of 1911. It will no doubt satisfy the Dominions. Lord Halsbury said the Bill was exactly what was required, and he is not only a competent but a severe critic. One particular absurdity has been omitted from the new Bill. The two additional Lords of Appeal are now to get £6000 salary as the others do, and not £5000; a piece of parsimony quite ridiculous. Either sum might do; but two different sums for the Judges sitting on the same Bench!

The Public Trustee, in his fifth report, shows that he is not only retaining the confidence of his public, but growing in favour at the surprising rate of a million a month. It shows the keener eye for advantage in the higher than the lower social strata that the average value of the wills proved by the Public Trustee is £11,000, while that of ordinary wills is about £4000. Yet the Public Trusteeship was intended especially for the smaller people. However, the Public Trustee looks after the small ones that do come to him very well, and they amount to nearly a half of the whole number, including a good proportion of the 700 children now under the Trustee's care. Altogether he has wills in his hands representing property worth nearly fifty-five millions.

The deputation of the promoters of the British Boys' Training Corps received less encouragement than is their due from Mr. Asquith. They made a fine offer for Government support; but Mr. Asquith told them, quite politely, they were not likely to get it. Yet it is a scheme that ought to work. An industrial boarding school at Hounslow, with the advantages of military and industrial training for four years, would be ideal for boys who would otherwise have no opportunities but "blind-alley" employments; and then sink into the overcrowded unskilled labour market. Perhaps the deputation were not over-sanguine of receiving a promise of assistance from Mr. Asquith; but we are glad to hear that Prince Alexander of Teck has great hopes of receiving a large sum of money towards the scheme.

The House of Commons on Wednesday evening unanimously resolved that the legal distinction between theatres and music-halls, together with the censorship of stage plays before production, should be abolished. Mr. Robert Harcourt wisely chose to argue quite simply. He avoided the tangle of his theme. It was a time for principles, not for detail. Mr. Ellis Griffith very unfairly took advantage of this. Mr. Harcourt is perfectly aware that the problem is difficult; that the drafting of a Theatres Bill will tax the ingenuity of the best lawyers; that the Select Committee of 1909 failed utterly to find a way out. Mr. Griffith's argument merely amounted to this—that the job would not be easy, and that there was neither money nor votes in it so far as they were concerned. His chief bulwark was the report of the Select Committee, always an admirable excuse for doing nothing.

The chief value of Wednesday's resolution is that it scraps the Committee's recommendations. It is the minority report—never written. Meantime, let not the kind and gentle way of Mr. Griffith with Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Sykes blind us to the iniquity of his contentions. His delicate rallery of authors was well done; also his insinuation that there was a difficult problem far harder than authors' heads. But why should managers, because they invest money in plays, be put above the common law, and have their property insured at the taxpayer's expense? If Mr. Griffith really thinks that they should, why is he not ready to put publishers and newspaper proprietors in a similarly happy place? Why, moreover, in order that managers' property may be insured, should authors' property be confiscated? The manager puts his money into a play; the author puts his brains. Wit is a sort of property, said Lord Chesterfield; but that, it seems, is too hard a saying for Mr. Griffith.

Lest abolishing the Censor should seem like the thin end of a Republican, Mr. Mark Sykes explained to the House that though he loved everything more than a hundred years old he could not love the Censor. No thing of beauty was threatened in this revolution—only an ugly tradition of Whig tyranny and Whig hypocrisy. Mr. Sykes cut at the root of censorship when he pointed out that it "prevented the law of public opinion from destroying the evil things which they alone could destroy". Drive that into a few British heads, and the business is done. Mr. Sykes' was the speech of the evening—a happy blend of sense and vivacity.

No doubt Lord Rosebery's remark, at the dinner of the London Press Club last Saturday, that he had never met anyone who confessed to reading the reports of speeches, was intended to imply that his own speeches were not to be taken too seriously. He professed a horror of verbatim reports, though he must know that his speeches are "good copy" to editors and good reading to the public. Lord Rosebery has no need to fear the sycophancy of a modern Samuel Pepys—"But Lord! they are but sorry things, only a Lord made them". Every time he emerges, whether from a "furrow", as it used to be called, or from a hermit's cell, as he figures it now, he says the nice thing in the neat way.

The reporters must have smiled when Lord Rosebery dragged out once more the hackneyed remark of Fletcher of Saltoun about writing the ballads of a people, and ingeniously gave it a new life by substituting journalism for ballads. Ballads do not matter, he said; newspapers do. But, as a fact, Andrew Fletcher meant very much the same thing as Lord Rosebery; for the functions of a modern newspaper coincide to a large extent with those of the ballad. Not altogether, however; Deloney and his fellow-hacks sounded trumpets and drums, whereas Lord Rosebery besought the Press to remember its influence and responsibilities, and to "diminish the issues in peace and war".

Mr. Henry James achieved his threescore years and ten on Tuesday. This has brought him not only the congratulations of English readers, who consider him an American author, and of American readers, to whom he is an English writer, but also the suggestion that some token of the general esteem should be presented to him. New York is his native city; he has lived for over forty years in England; and he is a constant visitor to Italy and elsewhere on the Continent. In which country shall the trophy be erected? As the Thucydides tag says, the whole earth is the tomb of remarkable men; and the most recent application of this to literary men is perhaps the most satisfactory—the extension of the period of copyright.

On Friday next Cambridge and on Monday week Oxford will finally decide whether Christianity shall or shall not be disestablished in the University. Those who would make the proposed changes shrink from this plain way of stating the case; but it is the exact truth, and the public should know it. As things are now, both Universities approach theology from the Christian standpoint; the University has a religion which is Christianity. If these changes are made, the University as such will have no religion. The whole case for the new statutes is that theology should be treated merely as a science, as a branch of learning, and that professors, examiners, and students alike should come to it without any religious bias. This is a rational, as well as a rationalist, position; but it is obviously and exactly the disestablishment of Christianity.

One could respect Canon Scott Holland and his friends if they had the honesty and the courage to admit this. But they have not. They declare for a purely critical position on the one hand; on the other hand, they insinuate that there must always be a strong Christian bias. This is a less honourable attitude than that of their frankly anti-Christian associates; for all the anti-Christians are on their side. These Liberal Churchmen would make the best of both worlds. They would get the credit for generosity by removing Christian tests, and keep their character as Churchmen by the assurance that the change will come to little. Either one of these positions or the other is insincere. These ecclesiastics must put their cards on the table. Either a frankly Christian or a frankly neutral system. Either is possible, but not both; either is honest, but not both. For our part we want Oxford and Cambridge to remain Christian.

EUROPEAN PEACE.

THE Nancy affair is an unpleasant reminder that Europe may not be out of the wood, though the Balkan business seems to be straightening out to a tolerably satisfactory conclusion. That war has, at any rate, not precipitated other and even more serious conflict. It would be silly, of course, to pretend to know all that may follow in its train; but in international policy no one looks very far ahead now. Perhaps it is wiser not. Ignorance in such things may well be bliss. For the moment we seem to have got over the great peril. But this affair at Nancy makes one realise that there are other rocks ahead, perhaps in our course, than the Balkan settlement. Franco-German relations do not turn on anything to do with the Balkans, but in those relations the danger for European peace lies. It were as weak to blink this fact as wicked to make things out worse than they are.

No Power is going to war now for "fun"; there is no fun in war in these days, if there ever was. No Government will fight if it can help it; no Government will make irresponsible war. Governments now make war deliberately only when convinced that war is inevitable ultimately, and that the interest of the nation points to the hour having come for fighting. If a Government makes war in another mind than this, it is either because the other side compels it or it is forced by popular feeling, as was Walpole into the war with Spain. Such an incident as this row at Nancy could never cause a war in these days, nor, in our judgment, in any day. But the triviality of the matter does not at all dispose of it, as some seem to think. In fact its intrinsic insignificance is really not to the point; it does not bear on the situation, except that the omen is rather worse if a trifling affair produces much feeling. The importance of such things is the light they throw on the state of public opinion. If there were no public opinion, or if public opinion had no power and everything rested with the Government, no Nancy incident or any other "incident" would matter in the least. The ill-behaved persons who insulted foreigners would be chastised—whipping were the right thing for them—regret would be decorously expressed by one Government and gracefully received by the other, and the matter would drop never to rise again. What was this affair? Some German visitors to Nancy go to see a patriotic play; a few French cads annoy them and some more French "patriots" hiss them. Some of these follow the German party to a restaurant and act insultingly towards them, which is magnified afterwards into something of a patriotic demonstration against them at the railway station.

As between private individuals the offence is not a small one; such behaviour is disgraceful in itself and becomes much worse when done in the name of patriotism. Ordinary decency suggests that more than ordinary regard should be paid to the comfort and feelings of the stranger within your gates. A man does not need to be civilised to feel that. Most savages will either treat a stranger as in the nature of things an enemy to be repelled or as a guest having special claim on their respect. It is true that the most backward and the blackguardly element in civilised countries has generally allowed distrust of a stranger to grow into aggressive ill-behaviour. "He's a stranger; let's heave a brick at him" is a sentiment that used to be common to more villages than Pudsey. But all civilised peoples reprobate the attitude; and in France it seems especially unnatural. France has a reputation for courtesy and good manners, and Frenchmen will universally regret the bad manners of these Nancy students and others in the crowd. We cannot wonder that the German party should feel bitterly aggrieved; and of course the offence is much aggravated by the fact that amongst their party were ladies. Chivalry to women is supposed to be a Teutonic more than a Gallic virtue; but not to insult a lady is now a settled convention of civilisation, if nothing better. We cannot see, so far as the facts are known,

that the Germans acted wrongly or mistakenly in any way, and we believe that French public opinion admits that the sinning youths are without excuse. And we rather dislike the smug way in which some of our papers have been telling the Germans that they must not make too much of this. We English should very much dislike it if German students treated English men and women in the same way, and we certainly should not be backward in saying it. Still, gross as the offence as a matter of manners, possibly of morals, is, what is there in it that could seriously endanger peace between any two countries? As if in these days any country in the world would allow the rudeness of a provincial crowd to bring about a war. Why, if there were nothing else in the air, and any Government did make it a cause of offence, the people would soon step in and compel it to take a more reasonable view.

We do not doubt that in this case a sensible view will prevail and put the matter in its true light. The thing will blow over, at any rate for the present; the ugliness of it is the feeling it shows in certain of the French population. As an omen we cannot say we think it a trifle. The violence of some of the German papers, which would make the very most of the matter, does not move us. It is the trade and tradition of such papers. They would do the same in any case, and it does not matter what they say. Their attitude is discounted before they have one. But the unpleasant disposition towards the Germans of these people at Nancy seems to have been spontaneous, and is a more or less new thing. We are told with much insistence that this affair would not have caused nearly so much stir a few months ago. This is perhaps true, but it is not comforting. There is a new spirit, and the new spirit is in France. We do not mean for a moment that this new spirit is fairly exemplified in the ill-mannerly outbreak at Nancy; but such an outbreak, though a degradation of that spirit, would hardly be possible without it. France has become profoundly self-reliant in temper. France is now supremely confident in her military power; and, without being desirous of fighting, is in the cue for it. We speak of the people; emphatically not of the Government. Nationally the French people are undoubtedly in a healthier, more vigorous state than they were or have been for a long while. This greater strength and self-reliance, this more martial spirit succeeding a peace-at-any-price attitude, is no menace to European peace in itself. But a very vigorous body frequently throws off unhealthy matter in the form of ugly eruptions. The Nancy spirit is one of these. If with the more martial temper anti-Germanism should grow, things may become serious. They may get beyond Government control. Nor can one forget—no just diagnosis of the situation can ignore it—that a successful war with Germany might benefit France, though an unsuccessful one would be ruin. It can hardly be said that France must lose by war, whether successful or unsuccessful. From the point of sheer national interest war would be a great speculation for France; higher stakes no country could play for; but a people that was confident it would win might be willing to take the risk. Whether they would consider such a risk at all, if they did not believe they would have the assistance of the British Navy is a very pertinent question for us over here. Mr. Asquith has said plainly we are not committed to give military assistance to any foreign Power. The entente cordiale apparently is purely Platonic. If we want to keep out of war from which we cannot gain and can hardly help losing, it had better remain Platonic. There is no unfriendliness to France in not wishing to be drawn into a quarrel with Germany; a quarrel not our own and necessarily hurtful both to Germany and ourselves.

BELGIAN QUIET.

MUCH has been spoken of unrest in Belgium. Much is spoken in these days of rest in that country. The general strike declared last June by the Socialists commenced on the 14th of this month; and as yet the country is quiet. No murder is recorded: there has not been a quarrel of any importance; the calm seemed the calm that comes before a storm, but now it seems assured for long.

Belgium would be over-populated but for the intense industry of her inhabitants: all work there, men, women, children, and dogs. All work willingly until the moment arrives when they may honourably retire upon old-age pensions gained and paid for by themselves. It is only those advanced far into middle age who retire from work. All who are young work assiduously and successfully. For men who love their work, and love the comfortable homes their high wages gain them, to be thrown out of work is something extraordinary. The miners of the Borinage and Charleroi districts, who are the backbone of the strike, are the best paid of all Belgian workers. Though they are affiliated to the Socialist party they are good Catholics, observers of their religious duties. They are men of strong feelings; they labour hard, and they think earnestly. They have struck, not because the idea of a strike appealed to them, but because a strike was dictated to them from the chiefs of their party.

The inhabitants of Belgium are, all told, six millions and a half. Of these five hundred thousand men were on strike on the 15th. Strikes, unhappily, are common in every country, but a strike such as this in Belgium has seldom been seen. The country suddenly became stilled. A week of Sundays commenced. The streets were filled by crowds of folk in holiday attire, the men accompanied by their wives and children. It is true there was no sign of merry-making: the holiday was obviously an enforced one; but it had, or speedily will have, a happy ending.

The strike was forced on the leaders of the Socialist party by the members of its most advanced wing: men who now, or formerly, called themselves Anarchists. It is no secret in Belgium that these men hoped for violence, and anticipated much more than the passing of a Reform Bill. In the Socialist headquarters in Brussels, the Maison du Peuple, the chief of this party declared that victory would lie with it, whatever happened, for, said he, the more the Conservative Government gives the more we will demand, the more it refuses the more we will take.

This man forgot the even nature of his countrymen, and he forgot, if he ever knew, that in Belgium there are three estates of the realm. The saying that kings reign but do not rule is one which every statesman knows to be false. Leopold the First, when the representatives of Belgium offered him the crown of that country, in Marlborough House, said to them, referring to the new-made Constitution of Belgium, "Gentlemen, you leave little to the King". Nevertheless the first King of the Belgians was not long seated on the throne before he found his power, and used it. That he did so wisely all the world knows. The present King, Albert, came to the throne almost unknown by the people. His predecessor did not love him, and forced inaction on him. He had a reputation for a kindly feeling towards the poor, and large charity, but nothing more. Those who prepared the strike counted on what they supposed to be the King's weakness. They felt certain he would yield to menaces. They did not dream he would act for the people without thought of menace, and before any public demonstration could be made. Therein lay the people's triumph, and the rioters' failure. Before the strike commenced King Albert made his views known to the Cabinet. The most able member of the Cabinet, M. Carton de Wiart, Minister of Justice, shares, and possibly has helped to shape his sovereign's opinions. The Minister for the Colonies also shares them. There are but eleven members in the Belgian Cabinet; with its

two chief members determined to take the course the people wished, the result was a foregone conclusion. The Prime Minister, Baron de Broqueville, who is also Minister for War, has before the Belgian Parliament a Bill for army reform, which he introduced on the suggestion of our own Government that Belgium should make herself more ready than she is to defend her independence and neutrality. This Bill the Premier thinks should have precedence of all other, and in order that its passing should not be delayed he refused to allow the reform question to be introduced when the Socialists sought first to force it on.

The interior peace of the country is as much of international importance as its military defence. Alarmists say Belgium might be divided between the two great States between which she lies, England being placated by the concession of Antwerp, as Louis Philippe and Polignac once thought. The suggestion is idle, but Belgium owes it to others as well as herself to preserve the peace within her borders, and this fact was brought home to the Prime Minister from the highest quarter.

M. de Broqueville at the reopening of the Chamber made a declaration which ends, or speedily will end, the strike. He agrees to a round-table conference on the question of reform. As the whole country is in favour of reform by the reduction, if not the abolition, of the plural vote, the conference, it may be concluded, will end in an arrangement satisfactory to the people. Belgium will have lost some millions of francs, and some of her trade may be taken from her, but she is rich, and can support a loss. She has been taught and has taught herself a lesson by which she and Europe will profit.

UNIONIST HOUSING REFORM.

THE reintroduction of the Housing Bill of the Unionist Social Reform Committee by Sir Randolph Baker may be another little sign that in the long run one's sins usually find one out. When Mr. John Burns attempted to side-track the Bill last year, and when the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused the money without which it could not become operative, and when Mr. Wedgwood and his friends obstructed it in Standing Committee, they thought no doubt that they were doing a very clever piece of business in spiting their opponents at the expense of the working classes. The course of time, however, has produced developments which have made nearly all Ministers, except of course that hopeless reactionary, the President of the Local Government Board, rather sorry for the mean course which they then adopted—for their meanness now clings to them like a burr. As a consequence, the only people who can look back with any satisfaction on last year's events, so far as housing reform is concerned, are the Unionist members and those genuine Liberal and Labour reformers who voted in the majority in 1912 for sending the Boscawen Bill to a Standing Committee. Every event since has more than justified the conduct of the majority on that occasion. The housing question has become more and more pressing. The outcry against the continued inaction of Ministers has become increasingly serious, while the vast mass of expert and non-party opinion has rallied more and more behind the main principle of the Boscawen Bill. The Cabinet, indeed, has so far thrown over Mr. John Burns and his policy of "leave it all to my Department" that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proclaimed his intention "of extirpating the slums", while Lord Strachey has gone all over the country declaring that the Irish Labourers Act ought to be applied to England. Mr. Lloyd George, however, is in far too deep political water to have any time to spare for considering the housing of the working classes, and, indeed, he never gave the faintest indication of how he intended to carry out his magnificent project. Lord Strachey, on the other hand, has been quite definite, and every word he has uttered flatly contradicts every argument which the President of the

Local Government Board has advanced in opposition to the Unionist proposals. It is only fair to add that Mr. John Burns has replied by flatly contradicting Lord Strachey, and also, not content with this, has flatly contradicted himself in the reasons he has advanced for opposing both Mr. Stanier's and Sir Arthur Boscawen's Bill. He told the House in opposing the Stanier Bill, as he was reminded from more than one quarter in the debate, that he objected to it "on principle" for two reasons. The first reason was that the grant was to go to the landlord, and not to the local authority. The second reason was that, in the event of wages rising sufficiently to make cottage holding profitable, the capital expenditure would be absorbed by the owner. Now these objections may or may not be sound ones, but they neither of them apply to the Boscawen Bill. Under that Bill the grant goes to the local authority, and merely makes good annually some part of the annual loss incurred by that authority from non-economic rents. Mr. Burns and his friends, then, are reduced to finding some new excuse for sacrificing the urgent necessity of the people of this country to their own personal vanity or party pique.

Reasons for doing nothing are, with Mr. Burns, always quite plentiful. But the main reasons advanced against housing reform from the Liberal benches are, perhaps, worth summarising. In the first place, it is contended that the real cure for the evils of rural housing is an advance in wages. This is perfectly true, and would be an adequate answer from a Government which was committed to an immediate programme for raising those wages. But what is the position to-day? No one knows, not even, apparently, Ministers themselves, whether the great land-bursting policy is going to be produced at all, or whether, if produced, it is going to include a standard minimum wage sufficient to enable the agricultural labourer to pay an economic rent. The only point which does seem clear is that any such proposal is not to take the form of a Bill, but of a promise to pay before a General Election, which, according to Ministerialists, is not to take place till 1915, and which would in the ordinary course of events result in the return of the Opposition to power. A more dishonest plea for postponing Housing Reform, especially on the lips of a Minister who has never given the faintest indication that he believes it to be possible to raise wages by legislative action, can hardly be imagined. That strange and rapidly diminishing group who rally round Mr. Wedgwood and the Single Tax are in a precisely similar dilemma. The Single Tax, or some other change in our rating system, may or may not prove a cure for every evil, including housing, under the sun. As a matter of fact, most sensible people on both sides of politics think it would not. But in any case the Single Tax has been definitely turned down by the Government, and there is no proposal for any such system of reform before the country. The suggestion is peculiarly ridiculous in rural areas, where the cost of land for building is practically nothing, and where the whole difficulty lies in the cost of construction. Another curious contention, at least from the Ministerial benches, is that Unionist Housing Reform will interfere with private enterprise! The housing problem exists only because house building is not a paying enough enterprise to attract private capital. A landowner who builds at a loss and out of a sense of duty.

The last and, of course, the final objection is that, if Housing Commissioners are appointed, Mr. John Burns will take up his hat and walk out of his office. Unfortunately for Mr. John Burns, all that such a dénouement would induce social reformers throughout the country to do with their hats would be to throw them into the air.

The Unionist policy, then, holds the field as the only practical solution of the housing problem. These are its well-known principles. First, the decent housing of the people is a national as well as a local matter, and in consequence the local administration of housing,

as of education, ought to be carried out at the joint expense of the Imperial and municipal funds. Second, in return for this concession the national authority ought to have greater powers, which are provided in this Bill by the abolition of the antiquated system of mandamus and the substitution of the means of carrying out the work itself where a local authority is utterly recalcitrant. The result of this dual system will at once be apparent. A poor district will not have the same excuse of poverty for inaction, while a prosperous district which can afford to build but refuses to do so can be compelled to do its duty. The third principle is the provision for organising a special department inside the Local Government Board which will be concerned with housing, and with nothing else. The fourth principle is a much-needed provision, valued by all who have had the responsibility of effecting great slum clearances, for reducing compensation due to rentals swollen by overcrowding. All these principles were embodied in the original Bill before Ministers emasculated it and knocked it to pieces. They have been replaced in the measure introduced this week, but certain notable improvements have been added. Those minor but important clauses which survived Standing Committee have now been drafted by the permanent officials. The grant in aid has been increased from half a million to a million, and a very proper sub-division has been made by which that grant is to be equally shared between the agricultural and the urban districts, and the objection that a single big slum clearance might deprive rural districts of all help for the year has been removed. The substitution, again, of annual for capital expenditure has abolished the argument that in certain circumstances money from the Exchequer might prove to have been bestowed as a free gift on local authorities. The thanks of the Unionist party are due to Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen for the unremitting energy with which he has pressed these proposals forward, and every report from the constituencies indicates the popularity of Unionist Housing Reform and the growing resentment against Ministers who continue to obstruct its progress. We can only add the hope that the Unionist leaders will make this issue a prominent one in their future campaigns in the country.

REMODELLING LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE London University Commissioners appear to have been inspired by German, Scottish, and less frequently by English ideals. Indeed we doubt whether such a practical people as the English and so sensitive to differences will subscribe to these somewhat abstract and generalising conceptions of German and Scottish thought. We ourselves kick at such statements as that the pure love of learning is the main function of a University. Surely not bookworms but men is the fundamental English ideal. We desire knowledge in order to be greater as men, not to become walking encyclopædias; and again in all this clamour after pure science and scientific organisation one cannot help feeling that the arts and crafts, which bring us so much nearer to life, and which are of such great and growing importance in education, are rather lost sight of. A close study of their terms of reference convinced the Commissioners that their duty was to inquire into the organisation of London University, and the provision made by the University or other agencies for University education, whether of the nature of general professional or technical education or of research. They found that the harmonious working of the University had been rendered difficult by the strained relations between the external and internal sides, and by the heterogeneous nature of the various institutions, "mixed" or otherwise, that made up the University. Up to 1898 London, in spite of the apparent intention of its earliest founders, was an examining University pure and simple. The University Act of 1898 recognised the two sides by creating two statutory committees, one called the Academic Council,

consisting mainly of representatives of the internal side, and the other entitled the Council for External Students, each of whom, as advisory bodies with often diametrically opposed interests and policies, reported to the Senate, where the battle of ins and outs was finally fought out. The Senate being composed of a practically equal number of parts from the two sections, the result of the conflict was either a series of stalemates or the issues were decided by the vote of independent members who were often not particularly interested in or well acquainted with the questions involved. The externals believed in the sufficiency of a degree by itself, and the internals insisted on the importance of the training undergone by the student through personal contact with the teachers as well as on the benefits of corporate life. The Commissioners now propose to restrict the opportunity of obtaining external degrees to the self-taught and others who are not attending a secondary school. Facilities for those who cannot attend the day courses of the University are to be offered in evening classes at the Birkbeck College. The Commissioners regard such a convenient "back door" as necessary, and would justify the additional cost involved by suppressing the day work at that college. Whether the Birkbeck College, which already does a considerable amount of day work, is likely to acquiesce in such a policy seems rather a moot point, and we fancy that the advocates of a "poor man's" University are likely to take Lord Haldane to task for cutting down the facilities for taking a degree pure and simple. But we can safely leave Lord Haldane to the tender mercies of his own party, and we unreservedly commend the Commissioners for their proposals for increasing the corporate life of the University, and especially for their policy for developing "hostels". A clean sweep is to be made of existing machinery, and in its place we are told "the supreme power" is vested in a court of two hundred members—a sort of House of Lords with a few shadowy legislative functions. But the real power, as far as executive action goes, is concentrated in the hands of a small Senate of fifteen members. This junta of quindecemvirs is not to contain more than a small proportion of the professors. Below it comes the Academic Council, which has an advisory right of putting its views before the Senate. We note that honorary degrees are to be granted by the newly reconstituted University. The Academic Council are to be consulted on this particular matter. One would think, with the example of Bristol before them, it would have been well had the Commissioners made the proposals exclusively a prerogative of the Academic Council. The normal "front gate" to the University is to be a school-leaving certificate, to be taken at sixteen or nineteen. The faculties are to be regarded as the natural basis of University organisation. They include arts, science, technology, economics, medicine, and theology of the godless type. A faculty in law is also contemplated.

These various reforms will cost about £100,000 a year, or, to give the Commissioners' precise figure, £99,000. Such specious exactitude savours of the draper's 11½d. Surely in these matters it is more statesmanlike to think in round numbers?

The constituent colleges modelled on the existing incorporation in the University of University College and King's College will be for the various faculties, in addition to the two named above, Bedford College, the London School of Economics, and, after specified conditions have been complied with, the Birkbeck and the East London College. It is noteworthy that the Imperial College of Science and Technology is, despite German models to the contrary, to form part of the University. It is to be hoped that while participating to the full in University ideals, it will not lose that intimate touch with life and reality essential to its well-being. Below the constituent colleges come various departments for subjects as far apart as Oriental studies and veterinary science, while yet a third category of institutions are to be recognised as schools of the University. Such institutions would include Westfield College, Holloway College, and the Wye Agricultural College. (Farming is apparently a class

below farriery!) The door is thus left open for the recognition of other departments, whether in the polytechnics or elsewhere, also of institutions within the "provincial" area served by London, which may be roughly defined as the home counties.

The Commissioners attach great importance to grouping together the constituent colleges and university departments as far as possible, and in spite of the fiasco attending the acquisition of the site behind the British Museum they profess their preference for a site in Bloomsbury (probably in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital). It seems a pity that they have not at least mentioned the possibilities of a site on the south side of the Thames alongside or near to the new County Hall. It is hardly possible that the mud-banks, slums, wharfs, and warehouses, though more picturesque than any new building is likely to be, will be allowed to remain as the final form of the southern bank of the "lordliest highway in the world" from Westminster to London Bridge. Sooner or later an embankment will be constructed, and with it a line of buildings. It is there that the University might decently find a home.

The idea of having a Quartier Latin is an excellent one, but the Commissioners confess that the Bloomsbury site is too expensive to allow the Examination Halls of the University to be built upon it. Moreover, hostels could be built on the southern side.

We approve of the encouragement to be given to the Workers' Education Association and the proposal to give them hospitality in the present Goldsmiths' College. But why is Sunday specially mentioned as a day of work? Or do the Commissioners propose to inaugurate a series of pleasant Sunday afternoons? We note a small mistake. The Collège de France and the Sorbonne are said to be housed in the same block of buildings. The Collège de France has, of course, its own "self-contained" premises.

THE CITY.

THE long-awaited improvement in the Stock markets has now definitely commenced. There may be temporary reactions in quotations, and the ultimate rise may not be so pronounced as the optimism of the moment may lead operators to expect. But the turning-point has been reached. Investment money that has been locked up for months is coming out; underwriting of new issues is therefore no longer a difficult matter for the borrowers, nor a dangerous one for the underwriters. New issues have been snapped up promptly this week, thus making room for others in the shortest possible time. Last, and not least, the Bank rate has been reduced to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., after a full six months, to the very day, at 5 per cent. The reduction was generally expected, and if it had not been made the assumption would have been that the international political situation was still at a stage which necessitated extreme caution. Indeed the non-reduction of the rate would have been a strong bear point in present monetary conditions, and it is therefore not surprising that the lower rate has not been greeted with exuberance in the Stock markets. The further reduction to 4 per cent. will follow in due course.

The expansion of business on the Stock Exchange has been mainly in the investment markets. The prompt over-subscription of the State of San Paulo and Argentine (Port of Buenos Ayres) loans was the best indication of the improvement in sentiment. Speculation has remained mainly in the hands of professionals, who have given attention particularly to Home Rails and Kaffirs. The aggregate amount of speculative business has not been very large, but it is noteworthy that the dealers have been less eager to snatch fractional profits. They were sufficiently confident to look for a further improvement even when there was a chance of selling at a small advantage. This may appear an insignificant matter, but it makes all the difference between a free market and what is practi-

cally no market at all. Hitherto during the year upward movements in prices have been checked almost at the start by professional profit-taking before the public had had time to appreciate the fact that the movement had commenced.

While Home Rails have been well bought, there has also been good buying of Canadian Pacifics. Naturally a good many selling orders came in when the stock reached the neighbourhood of 250, that being a milestone, as it were, in the movement; but the support was good enough to carry the quotation to over 252, which will no doubt give the optimists excuse for expecting a further strong advance.

Grand Trunks have also kept firm despite the issue of £2,000,000 4 per cent. debentures at £87 per cent. by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company under guarantee by the parent concern. It may be pointed out that the guarantee does not become operative until the Western Pacific line is formally opened. In the meantime the interest is chargeable to capital.

Wall Street is beset by fears concerning the huge amount of fresh capital urgently required by the railroads and other corporations. This new capital can be obtained only at rates of interest which will seriously compete with the old securities, and the situation is complicated by tariff revision proposals, which are causing a good deal of concern to manufacturers, and so to bankers and investors.

The Foreign Railway section is receiving a fair amount of support from its followers. Mexican Railway ordinary is still favoured as a speculative investment in view of the satisfactory traffic returns. The tone of the Argentine list was temporarily upset by the passing of the interim dividend of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway. The stockholders will no doubt reap the benefit in the future of present abstinence.

Mining markets are making a very good showing on the whole. Bear tactics have been in evidence in the fluctuations of De Beers, but, on the other hand, Rio Tintos have kept remarkably firm in view of the labour troubles.

One of the most interesting features of the markets is the arrest of the decline in rubber and rubber shares. A recovery has begun, and there are reasonable hopes of its continuance. Business in oil shares is not very brisk so far, although trade conditions are good. There is an impression abroad that the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies will sooner or later raise fresh capital to finance recent acquisitions. This, however, need not necessarily be an immediate bear point.

In the Industrial market good business is looked for in view of the dividend announcements, and may generally be expected as a result of last year's prosperity in trade, but new capital requirements provide a factor which has to be taken into account. John Barker's is a case in point: the company had a record year, but business has expanded and is expanding so rapidly that more capital, which will be readily subscribed, is needed.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BY EDWARD SALMON.

QUEBEC, to the vast majority of people, means just a city and a citadel: a rocky promontory, thrust into the S. Lawrence, hallowed by the death of Wolfe and Montcalm, twin heroes in the combat for Western Empire. Quebec the province has hitherto made no appeal. It is the penalty the province pays for taking the name of a city. Superficially the province is as large as France and Germany. It stretches from Montreal to Ungava, from Labrador to the Harricana, and is split in its southern part by one of the mightiest rivers in the world—a river able to accommodate the Leviathans of commerce and the battle fleets of the Motherland. To get an idea of Quebec the province is to get an idea also of the vast size of the Dominion of Canada. How many among the reasonably well-informed to-day could say what the province is like a few miles north of the river which places Montreal in direct

touch with Liverpool? Is it inhospitable as Labrador, or genial and fertile as Manitoba, a timbered or a treeless expanse? Look at the map. Three parts of Quebec appear to be given over to the service of man little more than Labrador itself. Quebec is only now, nearly four centuries after Cartier and more than three centuries after Champlain, being discovered. In the rush to take part in Canada's land boom the province has provided the landing-stage and jumping-off place of emigrants and agents eager to seize opportunities on the other side of the Rockies. The man with the dollars, equally with the man whose main capital is in his strong right arm, has had neither time nor inclination to bestow more than a fleeting curiosity on cities with the romantic past of a Quebec and a Montreal, and no thought whatever for the riches, mineral, agricultural, forestal, which might, indeed do, await enterprise within comparatively easy hail of the S. Lawrence. Take the Harricana Valley: surveyor and priest are agreed that it can rival the north-west prairies in all respects and give them many points into the bargain. Even the people of Quebec with such a chance at their very doors have at times caught the Western fever. "Why go west?" asks a patriotic priest with something more in support than mere sentiment. "Why not enrich and enlarge the domain of your own native province? Our lands are as good as, if not better than, any in Saskatchewan, and you will enjoy what you cannot always have there: your house and your barn, and trees to break the monotony of the plain, and, above all, to protect your cattle from the summer heat."

Perhaps the world is not altogether to blame for the neglect of Quebec. The province apparently has only recently awoken to a consciousness of its own material treasures. Now that it is awake there is to be no excuse for ignorance on the part of others. May we hope that in proclaiming to the world at large the attractions it provides it will not emulate the methods of the Western boomsters? There can be dignity in advertisement as in other matters of business. And the results may be more enduring. Quebec at least inaugurates the campaign worthily, if campaign it be. Its Prime Minister is in London on one of those missions which Colonial statesmen so frequently undertake, certainly to their own pleasure, possibly to the profit of their own people. He will authoritatively post the capital of the Empire on the affairs of his province. He comes to London opportunely to endorse, as no doubt he will, the efforts of Mr. Beckles Willson, himself a son of Quebec, who tells the world in a most delightful volume* something that it knew and a great deal that it did not know. Quebec to-day has a population of over two millions: no one reading Mr. Beckles Willson's book or listening to such a speech as that delivered by Sir Lomer Gouin to the members of the Royal Colonial Institute can fail to ask himself what number it will support when occasion demands? The Prime Minister of the province suggests fifty millions—more than half the population of the United States of America.

When last autumn—or I suppose one should say last fall—I was in America for the first time, and engagements made it urgent that I should start for home, what was it that made a week's delay equally urgent? It was the call of Quebec. To be on the other side of the Atlantic and not to set foot in the cities of Montreal and Quebec at least, would be, to the patriotic Briton, rather more unreasonable than to expect an American to come to England and not pay a flying visit to Stratford-on-Avon. The appeal of a country like Quebec, to one who has been a student of its past with very definite views of its present, is irresistible. What is the secret of that appeal? Is it not that in the country so long spoken of as New France we have, despite the Bourassas of to-day, an integral and wholly loyal province of Greater Britain, that the romance of the one merges in the romance of the other,

and the blend makes for that loosely-knit but, we hope, indissoluble whole which we call the British Empire? Quebec's history, as we regard history in Europe, is that of yesterday: we approach Montreal and Quebec cities with a vague sort of idea that we shall find them little more than mushroom growths, variants, with a certain respectability of age, of the new towns which spring up in the Colonies during a night. At best we think of them as historic provincial cities. Revelation comes directly you step out of the train in which you have crossed the border. Montreal throngs with busy wayfarers, and as you note your surroundings you feel yourself much less in a new world than you felt in New York. Monster business houses are cheek by jowl with ancient churches; the newer palaces of the millionaires in Sherbrooke Street are not far removed from the older, grimy, narrow ways which lead down to the waterside. Montreal is a great city, in many ways a beautiful city; it is American in many respects, with Mammon jostling Roman Catholicism, and Frenchman and Briton in friendly but strenuous rivalry for the perquisites and profits of an ever-growing market. And you are in touch with the realities and the extremes of things when in the evening you leave a gay throng in the brilliantly lighted hotel and pass the gloomy entrance of a railway station, where stand four or five vehicles packed with silent men, women, and children carrying wraps and bundles. "Excursionists", you say to your companion. "Emigrants", is the answer. You are on the borderland of the new world where life begins again with fuller promise than Europe provided.

In the city of Quebec the atmosphere is different: it is French leavened by British, with never a suspicion of American, unless you find it in the Frontenac which, crowning the bluff, might induce a momentary thought that you were in some old-world place, for the convenience of whose visitors a monster modern hotel had been built. Quebec City is not perhaps so completely French as one expected to find it, hardly as French as Mr. Beckles Willson's graphic description of it might lead one to believe; in parts it is wholly French, and in that quaint survival, the Lower Town, nestling between the river and the rock, it is, as Mr. Willson suggests, hard to believe that one is not in a bit of old Normandy. You address an urchin in English to be met with a blank stare, and then try your best French, instantly to get a bright smile and a vivacious answer. But once more you are brought into touch with realities. A couple of children were romping in the roadway—or what passes for the roadway, for Quebec and Montreal have both much to learn in the matter of roads. One shouted something in English which the other answered in French. These two mites stand for the province of Quebec: they are tributes to the loyalty with which the Quebec Act of 1774 has been observed, and their playground was fittingly in the neighbourhood of the joint monument, unique as it is, to Wolfe and Montcalm. The feudal system, now abolished, and the Church, more powerful than ever, maybe have been responsible for what Mr. Willson would call Quebec's aloofness; but Quebec is aloof no longer. She is tired of being the halfway house between Europe and the West.

MR. MARTIN.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT seems that one of the most effectual ways of making oneself conspicuous is to disappear. All kinds of people who walk visibly, if obscurely, through their daily world suddenly, by the simple process of disappearance, occupy a quite eminent position in the public eye, and enjoy a notoriety, and are the objects of a curiosity, which only cease with their restoration to the physical sight and environment of man. Thus it has been with Mr. Martin, who to-day is occupying the attention of thousands of people who never heard of him a week ago. The Americans have a polite habit, on being presented to a new acquaintance, of uttering the words "Pleased

* "Quebec: the Laurentian Province." By Beckles Willson. London: Constable. 1913. 10s. 6d. net

to meet you"; although upon what the pleasure can rest, or how they know that it is a pleasure, or why an ordinary incident which is not the fulfilment of any anticipation, and which may turn out to be very disagreeable, should be pronounced at sight to be pleasant, I have never been able to understand. With Mr. Martin, however, the case is different. I don't know whether we should have been at all pleased to meet each other a week ago, although he would almost certainly have said that he was pleased to meet me. But if I were to meet him now I should be very pleased, and I should tell him so with conviction. I should get £1000 for doing so, for to that enormous extent has the value of an introduction to Mr. Martin appreciated in the space of a fortnight. In fact I do not know anyone at this moment whom I should be more pleased to meet than Mr. Martin.

What the ordinary public knows about him is singularly little. He comes from an American town which bears the classic name of Memphis. He is a visitor to our shores in search of money. Those of his friends whom we know are presumably people interested with him in the business of money-getting. He has dined with them frequently; both sides no doubt hoping to get benefit from the association. A fortnight ago he dined with two of them at the Automobile Club. He left them "to keep an appointment with a lady". What lady is unknown. He is supposed to have driven away in a taxicab, and has not, up to the time when this article was written, since been heard of. Act I.: The curtain rises showing Mr. Martin in the act of leaving the Automobile Club. The curtain falls. Act II.: A street on the south side of the river near the Charing Cross railway bridge. A passer-by comes along the street in the early morning and discerns two objects, an opera hat and a leather wallet. He takes the wallet and leaves the hat. The pocket of the wallet has been ripped open and is empty. The other part of the wallet contains a few unimportant papers and visiting cards, each perhaps a souvenir of an occasion when the words "Pleased to meet you" were pronounced. The passer-by disappears in the direction of a police station. Another passer-by enters, picks up the opera hat and also a fine gold chain which is lying near it; the chain he puts in his pocket, the opera hat he gives to a workman, who takes it home "to amuse the children"; a mechanical toy which combines the advantages of a dish, a hat, and a Jack-in-the-box being an agreeable novelty in his family circle. An officer of the law enters and redeems the hat from its undignified surroundings, and departs in the direction of Scotland Yard; and again the curtain drops upon Mr. Martin.

Very little there, you may say, to interest such a large audience. But the audience is immensely interested, and, although the curtain continues to remain down, fills the theatre with lively talk and speculation. Nothing that we know is half so interesting to us as what we don't know. What we know may be profoundly wonderful and important, and the mystery may be the most trivial thing in the world, but just because it is a mystery we are more interested in it than in knowledge. And then of course there is the £1000. Anyone may get it. While Mr. Martin remains undiscovered everyone has a chance. In the City street, in the crowded tube, at the railway station, in a country lane, you may meet Mr. Martin and win £1000. He may be sitting beside you in the theatre; that may be he who has just politely apologised for knocking up against you; literally he may be within any accessible spot within a thousand miles of London. People's imagination becomes quickened, and a man talking to a stranger in a café in Brussels says to himself "Can this be Mr. Martin?" And people who saw the departure of a liner for the Cape remember that a man arrived from London in full afternoon and joined the ship in evening dress—an odd enough occurrence, surely, to remain uncommemorated upon for a fortnight. The interesting possibilities of life are for the moment greatly increased by the knowledge that you might see Mr. Martin at any moment, and be enriched for having done so.

It seems an easy thing, if one really did meet Mr.

Martin, to get the £1000, but I think that in fact it would be quite difficult. Suppose that you do think you meet him in the street, what are you going to do? Are you going to walk up to a perfect stranger and say "I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Martin?" If he says "No, my name is Smith", what are you going to do? Pursue him throughout the day until you track him to his home? And suppose that he says "Yes, I am Mr. Martin", what are you going to do then, provided he does not wish to be discovered? Can Mr. Martin be arrested for being himself? Or can anyone else be arrested on the suspicion of being like him? I believe not. If you leave him for a moment in order to go and tell the police about him, he will vanish as completely as before; and so far as we know he has done nothing to forfeit his right to liberty of movement. I am sure that I personally should be very much embarrassed if I came across a man who I was convinced was Mr. Martin—especially if he showed no wish to be recognised. I should feel guilty of an unwarrantable interference with somebody else's private concerns, and yet I should think of the £1000, and be sure that if I did not get hold of him somebody else would in a few minutes. He may be dead, of course; but everyone is apparently convinced that he is living. People so convince themselves partly because it would be so very disappointing if he were dead, and partly because if you are alive you may disappear, but if you are dead you are generally found.

I suppose that most people who have attained middle age have their own Mr. Martin for whom they are also looking; who disappeared somewhere in the haze of the morning of Youth, and has not since been heard of. He is all the things that we hoped and intended to be, and have not yet given up intending to be. We look for him everywhere and expect, if we are of a properly hopeful disposition, to meet him anywhere at a turn of the road. We are surrounded by relics and visible reminders of him, and it is not unlikely that his opera hat has been employed "to amuse the children". We refuse to believe that he is dead; we are convinced that he is alive somewhere, and would pay a large reward for his discovery. And with what joy and heartfelt sincerity we should say, if we did come across him, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Martin"! I wonder if he would say the same to us.

COVENT GARDEN LOYALTY.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

LOYALTY, fidelity, is an admirable trait in a man, woman, dog, or cat. A cat is most often true to a dwelling; a dog to a man; I have heard that some men are faithful to two, three, or more women and some women to a number of men: they have such a stock of faithfulness that one object of adoration is not sufficient to use it up. But loyalty, like other virtues, can be carried too far. It then becomes a vice. Consider the case of the Grand Opera Syndicate. It has two sorts of fidelity, the cat's and the sort that consists in being true to many. The cat's sort it shows in sticking loyally to the Covent Garden Opera House and observing rigidly the greater part of the worst traditions of that house; the other sort it shows in sharing out its fidelity amongst a number of its admirers—and profit-sharers—who must, however, be foreigners. This comical old *passée* ravenelle sits in its corner and flirts with two species of presumptive partners, the *roués* and the juvenile sillies who don't know how antiquated in its notions the very old lady really is. (I use a little of my bad French, because only bad French is used at Covent Garden. During business hours in Bedford Row the plainer the English the better: at Covent Garden in the evening the worse the French the better.) As the wallflower clings to the wall, yet hoping to be taken away from it, so does the Syndicate keep a bleary eye on such worn-out puppets as "Aïda", "Bohème", "Fanciulla del West", "Madame Butterfly", "Pagliacci", "Rigoletto", and she frequently has a dance with one or

another of them; but she also has her flirtations with such hobbledoys as "Oberst Chabert", "Giojelli della Madonna", and "Julien". Her conduct with the oldsters keeps her character clean; her conduct with the youngsters enables her to imagine herself still young. The youngsters are immensely flattered, and the society-news columns of all the Continental papers contain accounts of their stupendous lady-killing exploits in London. But with regard to Englishmen, young or old, no aged spinster could be more censorious than this money-grabbing Syndicate: she won't at any price have anything to do with them. Or perhaps I am wrong to use the phrase "at any price"; if the price offered were sufficiently high, perhaps the wall-flower would leave the wall and have a three nights' dance.

My metaphors having got hopelessly mixed, I will resort to plain English. Covent Garden, then, is a nuisance to English music. Only lately I essayed to demonstrate that the one hope for English music is opera, and that for want of opera our composers have been driven to waste their powers on symphonic poems. The Syndicate's passionate devotion to the traditions of its house stands in their way—absolutely blocks the way. "No Englishman need apply" should be written in letters of brass over the portals of the directors' office. I have before me the prospectus for the season which opens on Monday night, and there I find that of the operas to be sung there are

In Italian	. 18
In French	. 6
In German	. 10 (including "The Ring").
In English	. 0

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34

I have not the patience to calculate the proportion of foreign to English-speaking amongst the singers; and it is not needful, for I cheerfully concede that the Syndicate is giving English artists a fair chance. Of the conductors five are foreign, one only, Mr. Percy Pitt, English. The Syndicate cannot be blamed for this; while I am sure we have plenty of musicians who have in them the making of fine opera conductors, it need not be pointed out that they have no opportunity of learning the trade. To direct a band in a concert-hall is hard enough—far harder than playing the fiddle; yet while everyone laughs at the man who didn't know whether he could play the fiddle because he had never tried numberless musicians who have never tried assume with careless confidence that if they picked up a stick they could give fine renderings of the master-works; and, while they would fail if they did try, the failure would be a thousand times more ignominious if they had to accompany singers on the stage and keep a huge chorus in order. So we come back again to the one essential point: just as we have few composers doing good work because they have no opera to compose for, so we have hardly any conductors because there is no opera where—as assistant conductors, chorus-masters, etc.—they can learn the business. Even the dearth of satisfactory stage-singers is due to the same cause. All that we hear at Covent Garden have been trained abroad; many of them before appearing here have learnt their opera by playing minor rôles in the smaller Continental opera-houses. Those who cannot afford to study on the Continent for three years or more have not a ghost of a chance. However beautifully they may sing, if they were set on the stage they would not know how to stand or walk, or what to do with their hands and feet; in all certainty they would make fools of themselves and throw even the experienced hands into a state of hopeless confusion. I have seen English speakers being taught what to do on the stage in foreign cities, and know how much there is to be learnt; I have seen singers without practice in acting try to do the thing and achieve a lamentable fiasco because they had not learnt it.

A week or two ago I wrote about the hopelessness of the outlook, and nothing has happened since then to make me more sanguine. On the contrary, a more

careful perusal of the Covent Garden prospectus only lowers my spirits still further. Here is a rich Syndicate, earning handsome dividends, that could easily make a beginning by playing two or three English operas every season; and year after year it issues the same stale old programme, and never dreams of giving an Englishman a chance. What if at first they did not succeed—has Covent Garden never produced failures by foreigners? Plenty of them! but the Syndicate's Press apologists never allude to the "hopelessness" of bringing out foreign works; we hear nothing of foreign works spelling ruin. If one novelty from France or Germany or Italy does not please the public, another is tried: those that spell ruin are returned to their composers; those that spell dividends remain in the repertory until their drawing powers are exhausted. "Cavalleria Rusticana", "Pagliacci", and "Traviata" are so frequently given not because they are fine operas—for even at Covent Garden it is recognised that they are downright bad operas—but because they are dividend-earning operas. How many of this season's brand-new, newest of the new, novelties will remain in the bills next year is more than I care to prophesy; but, casting a backward glance with my mind's eye, I see a fairly long string of novelties that were played for one or two seasons and then disappeared. It is not failure that the Syndicate seems to fear; what it dreads is seeming to lift a finger to help English music. A great deal has been written about the temerity displayed in the production of two cycles of "The Ring" with a foreign conductor and foreign singers. Why, "The Ring" is done in every theatre in Germany, and is, besides, the surest of sure draws here.

I accuse the directors of artistic cowardice and an anti-patriotic bias. Most of them doubtless are very enthusiastic about raising an army to defend our shores and our commerce, and about measures to prevent the foreigner growing rich at our expense; but they never think of one class, the musicians. Even an English musician is, after all, as worthy a countryman as a cotton spinner or ironmonger; but he is deprived of a chance of gaining a livelihood that the foreigner may wax fat—and the singers generally wax very fat indeed. We must remember, and face the cold fact, that Covent Garden holds a monopoly. It has the support of the most brilliant society leaders in the world; and, though they would not directly keep the enterprise alive a week, indirectly they have kept it alive since the death of Sir Augustus Harris. Indirectly, I say, because it is owing to the presence of a comparatively small number of society people, including Royalty, that hundreds of men and women quite unknown in society pay preposterous prices for stalls and boxes that they may seem to belong to the favoured few. Covent Garden exists on the money of the vulgar rich: to be seen in the theatre is to arouse suspicions as to your social standing and ambitions. There is no hope for any venture that competes with it: practically all the money available in London for opera goes to Covent Garden. Society goes there because it cares nothing for opera; non-society goes there to be seen in company with society. I believe the monopoly could be broken; but it has not yet been tried. There were reasons for Mr. Beecham's failure—a fine failure, I admit; and no one need ask for the reason of Mr. Hammerstein's failure. So the game goes merrily on, and the directors are throwing away the chance of doing a mighty stroke for English music, of earning the gratitude of English composers, and of winning an honourable name for themselves in musical history. And it is all owing to their loyalty to the Covent Garden traditions—which are also profitable.

A word should be said about the two performances given by the Colonne orchestra this week. The players are excellent, and Mr. Pierné is a competent conductor, but we have better conductors at home and equally good players. My complaint with regard to the band is the quality of tone aimed at. Musicians know the characteristic of French organs: granted their brilliancy, there is a lack of richness and resonance and

a tendency to shriekiness and mere noise. The Colonne orchestra is marked by the same defects. In the Hungarian march of Berlioz, as I had to remark of the same band's rendering of the same work many long years ago, the uproar was deafening and decidedly unpleasant. On the other hand, many smaller and more delicate things were exquisitely given. That is, beautiful effects were got in composition which, on the whole, I heartily dislike. I suppose some people do like these things, and the fault may lie in myself. Anyhow, I am glad to admit that the most was made of them.

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."

By JOHN PALMER.

MR. SHAW'S moral earnestness is nowhere more unhappily apparent than in "Cæsar and Cleopatra". This play is almost entirely unrelieved by the better part of his dramatic genius. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is rarely witty. When Mr. Shaw is witty, he is as near as he will get to being immortal; but "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is not witty. People who pretend that Mr. Shaw really means in this "history" to be funny, that he is pulling Cæsar's nose for the amusement of spectators with a taste for coarse pleasantries, that he really intends to get laughter after the cheap fashion of a music-hall entertainer who delicately travesties Shakespeare in references to the Prince of Denmark as Mr. Gimlet, are here invited to realise that from end to end of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" the one attribute of Mr. Shaw which is conspicuously working at least pressure is his sense of comedy. Give Mr. Shaw his due. It is insulting to suppose of the author of "John Bull's Other Island" that he is for one moment trying to be funny in conscientiously sustained mispronunciations of Flataetea. No: Mr. Shaw in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is in deadly earnest. He has no time for jokes. He does not care whether they be good or bad. He has not thought about them; and I hope he never will. It would be a terrible day if ever he should look into the jokes of "Cæsar and Cleopatra", and see what they are really like.

Mr. Shaw's critical and dramatic career has been a continuous crusade against something he calls "romanticism"—romantic love, romantic war, romantic politics and so forth. This crusade doubtless figures in his mind as an endeavour to be rid of shams and come to reality. This is neither here nor there. It was doubtless the intention of the romanticists to do precisely what Mr. Shaw imagines himself to be doing. Into this there is here no time to enter. We will notice only that in Mr. Shaw's view imperious Cæsar is one of the silly world's very big shams; and that he has felt impelled to include it among the number to be rooted up. Let us look into this Cæsar, says Mr. Shaw; obviously he was very efficient; he was not only a genius, but like myself he made money out of being a genius; he does not seem to have been a romantic idiot like Nelson; possibly he anticipated some of the best qualities of the Irish character; at any rate it may be well worth while to rescue him from sedentary specialists who talk of Cæsarism as if it were a patent medicine and of Cæsar as if he were a masterpiece by Pheidias or Michelangelo.

One excellent result of Mr. Shaw's quarrel with romantic literature is his perpetually triumphant re-discovery of the obvious. That Cæsar at fifty-four was in middle age; that Cleopatra at sixteen was young enough to be his daughter—these are precisely the obvious things upon which no one but Mr. Shaw would dream of founding his play. The rest are of like order—that Cæsar's hair at fifty-four is probably a good deal thinner than Mr. Forbes Robertson will allow; that a four hundred yards' sprint in the sea leaves him with a touch of rheumatism; that one of the chief necessities of a general is a good square meal at least once in twenty-four hours. There is here no intention to be flippant, to commit a sacrilege, to write a comic history of Rome. A comic history of Rome by Mr.

Shaw would be really funny. This sort of thing, if you insist upon taking it as fun, is dreary beyond expression. But Mr. Shaw is in solemn earnest. He re-discovers these things in the spirit of a man who founds a new religion. With the spiritual exultation of a dervish Mr. Shaw strips the laurel from Cæsar's brow, exhibiting his bald patch to posterity in the name of truth and the indestructible dignity of man. He destroys the false images of our devotion. He would chasten us with the contemplation of a hero unaffected by any of the weaknesses to which the romantic flesh of the nineteenth century was heir. It is a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Shaw's instinct is, in this seeming irreverence, merely destructive. Mr. Shaw has no desire to cut off the heads of the saints and heroes; he is quite content with cutting off their haloes. We are in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" invited to admire Cæsar without the laurel—Mr. Shaw's conception of a hero. The genius of this hero is in hard work; in seeing men and things as they are; in being capable of the intellectual detachment which is humour; in being susceptible to great ideas; in professional enthusiasm for his task of the moment. Moreover, this hero will exhibit his superiority to the common run of men by talking on occasion vigorously and at length, not unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the disgusting immorality of judicial vengeance. Here, in a word, we have Mr. Shaw's hero at his highest. He is sublimated Bluntschli. He conquered the world by very much the same qualities which now enable Bluntschli (retired captain) to manage his hotels; only this Cæsar, of course, is more picturesque than an hotelkeeper. He has his greater moments when he talks almost upon terms of equality with the Sphinx.

To treat "Cæsar and Cleopatra" as a funny play, wherein Mr. Shaw, to make people laugh, dresses up an elderly gentleman in a toga, calls him Julius Cæsar, feeds him on dates and barley-water, and so forth, is to miss a very real tragedy of the modern theatre. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is not the comedy of Julius Cæsar, but the tragedy of Mr. Shaw. One feels so distinctly that Mr. Shaw has imagination to see the great art of the world, and to understand the great men of the world; that he would give his head, and become as an idiot or a little child, if for five minutes he could compass in imagination a tithe of what he so clearly sees and understands; but that the making of things beautiful is beyond him. See with what critical acumen Mr. Shaw has contrived the opening of his play. Cultivated intelligence could no further go than the actual building of his scene—Cæsar confronting the Sphinx, Cleopatra sleeping between her mighty paws. It was a perfect setting. Nor need we quarrel with Mr. Shaw's understanding of Cæsar. There, as he stood before the Sphinx, was Mr. Shaw's extremely competent inventory of a great man. We waited upon his words—that we might somehow share the emotion of this great man on this great occasion. Soon we were attending coldly and carefully to a reasoned analysis in excellent prose of the feelings and ideas the Sphinx would probably suggest to a successful person at the height of his career. There was a certain pleasure in following this very efficient bit of exposition, apart from the way of Mr. Robertson's voice with an English sentence and the way of his person with a Roman habit. But there was just one thing conspicuously lacking—there was never one moment of illusion. Mr. Shaw had formed certain conclusions about Cæsar. Mr. Robertson had learned them by heart, and was reciting them very beautifully. We never for one moment, after he began to speak, believed that here was Cæsar before the Sphinx in 45 B.C. It was the same unhappy tale throughout. In vain were crowded into a single act—with every invention that a brilliant intellect could suggest, with every resource of the practised rhetorician—sharp peril and sudden death, feasting and murder, handled with the cunning craft of an author who knows about the theatre everything that is worth knowing and a good deal that is not. The death of Pothinus was utterly unable to wring our æsthetic withers. We watched with a more or

less agreeable intellectual excitement a practical exposition of the art of government as understood by very young queens in Eastern countries. Cæsar's subsequent peril was a further practical exposition of the futility of vengeance, of the material as well as moral advantage of forgiving one's enemies. The scene closed in a passage—the emotional climax of the play—wherein we quite coolly accepted a number of Mr. Shaw's conclusions as to the probable conduct of a really great man in a tight place.

I went to the theatre on Monday evening to envy Mr. Shaw. I can imagine no more perfect joy than to have Mr. Forbes Robertson acting in a play of one's own, to feast upon unsuspected beauties of phrase and scene. But soon I was wondering sadly how much self-deception would be necessary before one was able to look upon this creature, and see that it was good. Mr. Shaw is not easily deluded. He cannot believe his Cleopatra sits beside Antony's serpent of old Nile; and I am sentimental enough to imagine that this must make him sad.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CARLYLE.*

BY FRANK HARRIS.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

READING this book I heard on every page the strident accents of that leader of the unco' guid, Mr. Alexander Carlyle. Shortly after my article "Talks with Carlyle" appeared in the "English Review" for November 1911, Mr. Alexander Carlyle attacked me in the same magazine with an almost insane violence. He called me a "liar", a "defamer", "libeller", "vile calumniator", "basely ungrateful", "cynically brutal", and goodness knows what besides; showing what a weak case will do with an irritable temper when there is no self-control.

Luckily for me I am not the only or the chief object of Mr. Alexander Carlyle's insensate hatred; he had already attacked Carlyle's friend Froude in this way—"Having first assassinated the reputation of Carlyle, Froude now mutilates the remains". He had pursued Mrs. Carlyle's friend Miss Jewsbury with even more disgraceful suggestion; "her feelings towards Mrs. Carlyle", he wrote, "were highly extravagant, and in some degree perverted". He did not even hesitate to blacken Mrs. Carlyle's memory by attributing her jealousy to her habit of indulging in morphia. Froude was a ghoul according to Mr. Alexander Carlyle; Miss Jewsbury a nymphomaniac, and Mrs. Carlyle a morphinomaniac. I was not surprised therefore when Mr. Alexander Carlyle attacked me. I was even amused when he garbled a letter of mine on hypocritical pretence, and misquoted me wilfully. When convicted of these dishonourable shifts, he made no apology, but got others to continue the attack in this book, notably Sir James Crichton-Browne, who had helped him in "The Nemesis of Froude".

Sir James Crichton-Browne was very willing to play Dogberry, and in the "Introduction" to this book he has written himself down one of the furrysted in very villainous English, thus: "Froude's imputation . . . reflected on Carlyle's work, and vastly reduced its value to mankind. Carlyle was the great admonisher of the nineteenth century. But words of warning and wisdom to be helpful must come from an unblemished (!) source. A bankrupt prophet is of no account. True knowledge and understanding are shown forth not only in preaching but in living; and if Carlyle never lived up to the full measure of manhood, his preaching is discredited." Now the man who can write this windy nonsense is one to smile at, but not to reason with. Where among men will Sir James Crichton-Browne find an "unblemished source"? Exit mediocrity with the double-barrelled name!

The body of the book has been written by Mr.

David Alec Wilson, and his competence, too, may be easily judged, for he also has listened to the voice of the self-righteous, and is fallen from grace thus:

Letter from David Alec Wilson to Frank Harris, 29 July 1911, after reading "Talks with Carlyle".

"It is surely needless to say I have confidence in your perfect good faith, and in the substantial accuracy of your report, which I may yet quote in a way that will please you."

And again: "Your valuable report . . ."

And finally this summing-up: "I congratulate you upon Boswellian notes, superlative in their way. You made fine use of your opportunity to listen to a man whose smallest words and actions are likely to interest his fellows for millenniums to come".

Mr. David Alec Wilson's opinion of Frank Harris and his article in 1913, after having seen Mr. Alexander Carlyle.

"It seemed plain that the article was not entirely invented; and therefore I decided to try to sift something credible out of it."

"The yarn which Mr. Harris spins . . . Such bosh . . . a dangerous man . . . full of unholy simplicity . . . Mr. Frank Harris, whose tale might fit a tipsy old man of gushing habits, but is ludicrous when told of Thomas Carlyle."

"The imitation of Carlyle is too badly done to be faked by a man of Mr. Harris's literary ability . . . there is not a word of truth in his bit of blasphemy. . ."

And the truth: where does the goddess hide? In my "Talks with Carlyle" I related how at a dinner in the Garrick Club I told the story of Carlyle's "bodily weakness" as set forth in that paper. One of the guests, Richard Quain, told me that he could corroborate my story, and that he had been Mrs. Carlyle's medical adviser. After dinner he told me the facts with particularity. Now clearly, if this statement of mine can be corroborated, and Sir Richard Quain's testimony be considered, the controversy must be held to be settled. For he at least is an unimpeachable witness of absolute authority. But certain corroboration has already been brought forward. When Mr. Austin Harrison received my "Talks with Carlyle" he submitted the paper to one of the first literary authorities then living, a friend of Carlyle and of his wife. The authority strongly advised the publication of my "Talks", and declared that Sir Richard Quain had told him the same story. Truth has the strange faculty of calling forth unsuspected witnesses, and witnesses unwilling.

I have no right to draw others into this controversy where every foul epithet and vile insinuation are employed by the Scotch puritans to frighten their antagonists from giving evidence against them; but since this book of Mr. Wilson's appeared I have remembered the name of my host of the Garrick Club dinner and have written to him recalling certain circumstances, and asking him whether he remembers the dinner, and Richard Quain's corroboration of my story. I have not yet heard from him; but no doubt shall hear soon.

My readers will notice that I am not afraid of publishing an imperfect story, for I know that whatever facts may come to light will go to corroborate the accuracy of my report, and certainly must establish my good faith. Of course Sir James Crichton-Browne, David Alec Wilson, and Mr. Alexander Carlyle will still find many followers. Nevertheless, did they but know it they are already fallen into a pit themselves have dugged, and when the third act is finished, the tableau will discover them there all pitifully mired in mud-lies of their own making. And the moral is that no one can see over his own head:

"Nor is it possible to thought,
A greater than itself to know."

Which, being interpreted, means that these little men should write only about their peers, and be content to judge them, for great men escape the measures of Lilliput.

[Mr. Harris had been violently attacked, and is entitled to answer his assailants. We are glad to give

* "The Truth about Carlyle." By D. A. Wilson. London: Alston Rivers. 1913. 1s. 6d. net.

him the opportunity to do this; but we have no intention to prolong discussion of this question in the SATURDAY. So far as we are concerned, the discussion is closed.—ED. S. R.]

THE OLD SQUIRE'S WELCOME.—III.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

IF there was one thing the old Squire had always been extremely intolerant about it was the habit of people who go abroad to escape an English winter. He saw in it a bit of disgusting affectation: woe to any member of his family who ever suggested remotely such a thing. Now this was exactly the thing that Maria, the old Squire's relict, had been doing in February and March for the last five or six years. Maria suffered torments in church from cold feet at this time of year, the result, it was declared by the greatest women specialist of the day, of suppressed biliousness. She suffered also from nerves; and, to the general satisfaction of the family and herself, she had been transferred to the dower-house not long after the death of the Squire. It suited Maria, it suited the girls, and it suited everyone. It was just one of those excellent working arrangements for which Henry Brokase was famous. With her French maid—who thoroughly understood her feet and her nerves—and the lap-dogs, and freedom from the anxieties of housekeeping on a large scale, Maria was more in her element than she had ever been as mistress of Botes Court. The dower-house was in a dry situation on gravel, whereas Botes Court had a vein of clay under a part of its gardens, and Maria declared that her feet had never felt really warm there. Besides, clay, as her physicians reassured her, was the worst thing possible for her nerves: when Maria went to stay with friends at Richmond, nothing would induce her to go up the hill, for it is well known that the hill is on clay, whereas the valley is on gravel.

Botes dower-house was placed just right moreover: it was midway between the Court and the church, not too far from her step-daughters and her stepson Henry, who managed her worldly affairs, not too near to her stepson Edmund, the rector, who brought her the necessary spiritual aid when it was needed by the state of her nerves.

She was fond of them all in a certain thin way, and they were all good step-children in a certain thin way to her. She was in perfect touch with them—had not Henry insisted she must be on the telephone?

When the Squire had asked "Where is Maria?" and added with a quizzical look in his eye—"and how are her poor feet?" Henry Brokase recognised that here was the utmost difficulty of all the difficulties he must face. Old Easy and the gates might be put off, but how was he to put off the matter of Maria? The difficulty was the greater in that Maria, as Henry very well knew, was at this moment busy in her vacuous kind of way having her preparations completed for starting immediately for the South of Europe. She had actually been unable to lunch at Botes Court that day because of all the preparations her maid and household had been making for her departure. She had not been able to join the family gathering, which included, besides Edmund, her favourite in a thin kind of way, Benjamin, the youngest of her step-children, just home from the Colonies.

"It is impossible", she had told Henry on the telephone; "I feel thoroughly worn out by the anxiety of superintending the packing, and the dread of the crossing to-morrow. Besides, you know how this weather tries me. Sunshine in this horrible climate always means north wind. Give the dear children my fond love."

How was the news to be broken to a woman in this ticklish state of health? How was the news to be broken to any of them? Her feet after the shock might never be warm again. A sardonic voice shot up from some part of Henry's being, over which he had lost control for the moment, and suggested he should ring Maria up—"Hullo, are you there? Well, my

father is in the study at Botes, and is asking to see you"—then walk out of the house, without waiting to hear even the scream, and take the next train and boat to the uttermost end of this hell on earth.

After all, men and women ere now have suddenly cut themselves for ever adrift from the whole of their past lives for less causes than this.

But Henry crushed down the grinning voice. "Excuse me a minute, sir", he murmured to the Squire; and, drifting back at any rate to childhood, said without perhaps knowing what he said—"I will ask Mamma".

He went out, closed the door softly, as if an invalid were asleep there, instead of a dead man wide awake; and, stealing to the dining-room door like a thief, opened it, and drew Edmund into the hall by a look so magnetic Edmund might have known and answered had his back been turned. Henry Brokase meant to see the thing through somehow.

He whispered in his brother's ear. Edmund started and stared, turned red, asked angrily "Are you mad?" Then asked "What is the jest?"

But then, looking hard at his brother, saw something there he had never seen before; and saw too a face that half an hour ago was younger than now by thirty years. So he whispered back to his brother that he did not understand, and he flushed anew; and then he too grew grey.

So Edmund in turn went into the study, and closed the door as if an invalid were sleeping delicately within.

Edmund had plenty of the Brokase pluck. At the fox hunt, in the board-room, in the pulpit no one with the old Brokase blood had ever wanted that. Blood still counts, sometimes, and look at the wonderful record of Botes and the Brokases. I do not believe the story in some of the books that they can go back to the Conquest and before the Conquest in an unbroken line: nevertheless, by Pipe Roll and by Court Roll, Byways, the local antiquary, a profound authority on Domesday, who knew far too much ever to publish a book, could show absolutely that between 1066 and to-day Botes has been held by only three families. Waleran the Hunter held it at the Conquest. It passed somehow to the Brayboefs at his death, and from the Brayboefs to the Brokases. It is certain a Simon Brokase died seised of the Manor of Botes in 1310. And that is good enough for our present purpose to prove that blood will sometimes tell in hard affairs.

Would you go back six centuries or forward six centuries? I would rather go back—a thousand times rather. If one could go back, one might be able to repair some of the mistakes and damages. Besides, there is always a chance that one may go forward in any case—that we all may go forward. All through these early centuries the splendid glitter and clash of arms lights and sounds through the Brokase records. There was a Brokase who crusaded, of course. There was a Brokase who plucked defiantly the red rose; and always there was a Brokase at tilt and at tourney.

There was a Brokase in Edward IV. who was known as Bellator Egregius of Botes. The old story has been handed down from generation to generation that when this Brokase was wounded in single combat afoot in both arms he finished the duel with the sword between his teeth—the bull terrier of all the Brokase line.

Perhaps one reason why blood must tell in this family at a crisis is that the descent has been direct and unbroken. Byways believed he could show that it had never passed to the female line. He could not even trace a sign of a left branch, a bar sinister, breaking the descent—though doubtless there were plenty of such branches, or twigs, springing off the main stem through these centuries. Byways could show that the Brokases were almost singular in the county in this matter of purity and genuineness of descent. The Browns, for example, were not the Browns; the estates, so lately as the middle of last century, had been left by the last of the Browns to the Joneses, and the Joneses had simply taken the name Brown. It was almost as bad with the

Bacons, who had come in less than a hundred years ago as distant connexions only—the Bacons who gave themselves to newcomers in the district positively a pre-Conquest air.

What the crusaders and red roses of the Manor of Botes had done with their swords, the Brokase brothers were now trying bravely to do with their heads. That is what we mean when we say that blood tells. The thing may or may not be in the Heralds' College: the thing is in Darwin.

Edmund, by taking up the running in this grisly hunt, gave Henry a breathing-space. The master of Botes—to-day what a master!—sat down at a table in the hall, keeping guard over the door: he could not keep the dead from passing out—he could at least the live from passing in.

He took out his fountain pen, shook it, held it to the light, removed carefully a hair from the nib, and proceeded to write a short letter and direct an envelope.

Between the folding of the letter and the taking out of the envelope he touched the bell and once more appeared the blind, without which one of these great houses, greatly administered, could not go on at all. There are times when we all, the humblest of us, must draw down our blinds, and put up our shutters: how much more is it essential to the fortunes of a great house!

The letter was to Maria Brokase. "See it is sent off immediately, and bring back a reply before your mistress starts."

The blind responded with the usual inscrutability, and was gone, but Henry called it back a moment—"And Truman, tell my sisters I should like to see them at once. I will see them upstairs—in the blue room; and whilst I am with them, I think"—this slowly and with again the magnetic look that had drawn out Edmund—"you had better wait about in the hall in case Mr. Edmund should want you. You quite understand?" Once again the usual blankness, and the blind was gone on its errands.

THE SWANS OF ICELAND.

By EDMUND SELOUS.

THERE is no bird, perhaps, whose family life is productive of more beautiful scenes than the swan's; it is still the wild one I speak of, for here, as in other matters, civilisation seems to have had a cramping influence—at least on the beauty. That the parents love their offspring, and think much of them, is apparent, even in ordinary circumstances, but still more so when the train of these is interrupted by a certain disturbing influence, which may be brought about by causes so widely separated in nature as the beak of a gull or the hand of a member of the British Ornithological Union. Either of these can make any pair of swans childless, but it is the human which (either literally or through those of the dealer) usually does so, after which it is politic to talk of the misdeeds of the gull. The sufferings caused by this act of barbarism, "in the interests of science"—for that science is interested in the elimination of one of her provinces, to wit ornithology, we know from the scientific ornithologist himself—is great, no doubt, for both parents, but, estimated in the light of her subsequent actions, must be adjudged to fall more heavily on the mother—as, indeed, is but natural.

Separating herself from her mate—if he has not, rather, been "obtained" with the eggs, as would seem much more likely—she now seeks waters where some happier parents swim proudly, with their brood of four cygnets, such as, but for science (I do not much believe in the gull), would shortly have been her own. Fascinated, as it were, by the sight, she draws gradually nearer, but the watchful vigilance of the rightful owners does not permit of an approach within less than, perhaps, a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards of the coveted objects, after which one of them who, from her lighter build and slenderer neck, may be presumed to be the mother, flies out towards her, uttering, with each

pulsation of the great wings, a most musical and poetic cry that might well be termed a song. When halfway towards the stranger bird the latter, with the same lovely note, rises in retreat, on which, recognising, apparently, that her post is now again by her cygnets, she wheels and returns to them, melodising still all the way—the whole air is a music. As, in a long sweeping glide, she comes down again on the water, the male swan swims out to receive her, and both, on meeting, lift up their long, graceful necks and wave their magnificent shining white wings, whilst repeatedly uttering their most beautiful musical cry. This is all done over the cygnets, as it were—the mother sometimes bringing down her wings with just their two points on the water, so as partially to cover them up, as though claiming them—the whole making such a picture of grace, beauty, and happiness, such a lovely bird group, so charming a scene of bird rejoicing that words are altogether inadequate to give an idea of it. Some time afterwards it is enacted again upon land, and then yet again in the water, for the whole family having landed at a projecting point of the island, the cygnets lie down together on the grass, whilst the parents, standing fronting each other on either side of them, as though to guard them, still lift their heads and wave their wings, rejoice and make music together. All at once one of them flies out over the water, and at the same time the stranger swan appears upon it, rounding the point. Instantly, upon seeing the pursuer, she takes to flight as before, upon which the true mother—for it is she—flies back, the male flies out from the bank to greet her—both joyously vocal—and, coming down on the water together, there is the same lovely scene between them, in the midst of the transports of which the four little cygnets come running into the water to their parents, whether in response to any special note on the part of either of them, or on their own initiative, it is hard to say, for the low "hoop, hoop" cannot at this distance be heard, though the strong melodious cries fill all the air. Three or four times after this there is the same approach of the stranger swan, and the same putting to flight and pursuit of her when she is adjudged to be too near. But the three or four times have become now five or six or more; it all keeps continuing, the poor desolate mother, time after time, coming down at the same charmed distance, and sometimes flying quite close up to the group and circling round them, to pass on and come down as before. Every time, without exception, one of the happy pair flies out to chase her away, circling back, now, almost as soon as she rises (when she, as soon, comes down again), and every time this one is the female, if smaller size and especially a much thinner and slenderer neck can settle it. Always there are the same rejoicings after each return, but as the occasioning incident becomes more and more frequent, they grow, as might be expected, less marked.

Some perhaps may be inclined to doubt the interpretation placed upon the above recounted series of incidents; but why, if acquisition of the cygnets were not the motive, or, at least, the desire animating the stranger swan, should she, a short time previously, on the family leaving the water in the vicinity of their nest, and rounding a point of the island which wholly concealed it from their view—why, I say, should she then have immediately swum to it, and, landing, ascended it herself? Moreover, this act of possession has been preceded by an earlier attempted one, when the mother, with all her cygnets under her, herself sat enthroned upon the nest, and but for the prompt arrival of the male, heaven knows what tragedy might have resulted. He, however, reclined, as is his wont, upon the green-sward, a dozen or so paces away, is prompt in the defence of his home, though it is, perhaps, more as the result of moral suasion than actual force that the poor forlorn peri rises, at length, from the very gates of her paradise, and flies far down the broad, lake-like stream, cresting, one by one, the spray of its numerous falls, to disappear at last over the low hill of one of its shores, lamenting with each wide white wing-beat; for the beautiful notes that sound so joyously from the

throats of the triumphant pair have now a sad, wailing intonation. True the flight has been preceded by a commotion of white, struggling bodies; but may not a gentle pressure only have been exerted? One may surely think so, for the struggle was between the sexes, nor was it a conjugal one.

This dramatic episode, which has, indeed, opened the play,* taken together with that other pathetic one, the barren possession-taking, namely, when possession was no longer worth anything—it was, indeed, soon given up—would seem to leave no reasonable doubt as to the state of mind under which this poor bereaved mother swan—*forlorn intruder upon the parental joys of others*—has been all this while labouring, and to give the true key to her conduct. She longs for cygnets, for little lives blown out into nothingness, which should have been swimming about her, which she now sees led by others, and strongly, yearningly covets. But these others—the happy proprietors of lives that have not been thus wasted—resent her approach to them, fearing their misappropriation—a fear so fixed that, if any childless pair of these swans but fly down the lake on which another pair glide with their cygnets, there are the same movements, and the same cries go up as they pass them. The notes come floating sometimes out of the far distance, and so sweet are they that no one would dream there was aught of hostility in them. Uttered in anger, or, at least, in jealous guardianship, they seem “like a welcoming”. Of all the fair bird sights of Iceland, this passing of the swans, with their music, over her cold lakes is by much the loveliest—it seems rather dreamt than seen.

Those who derive comfort from the reflexion that “there is some soul of good in things evil”, may find it in the scenes here recorded, which, arising out of an unhappy bereavement, were yet beautiful and full of rejoicing. Still, though undoubtedly thus quickened, extraneous stimulus is not needed to raise the happiness of a swan family, or, at least, of swan parents, to that point at which it overflows. Sometimes, whilst all float together in a group alone, without fear or suspicion, one will rise a little in the water and expand the wings, with the tips still resting upon it. The glad feelings of which this act seems a symbol are immediately communicated to the other parent, and, face to face and close together, their cygnets clustered about them and surely inspiring them, they throw up their heads, wave their banner-broad, silver-white pinions—surely there is some quality of silver in the whiteness of swans—and rejoice most musically. Here, then, are spontaneous glad outpourings, brought about through no drama of equivalent—perhaps greater—suffering, not raised on other's pain.

But who, it may be asked, can say with any certainty that these acts are rejoicings, can interpret them at all in terms of our human psychology? To which (making short work) I would answer: Anyone who has but once seen them, for there cannot, even to scientific obtuseness, which out-plumbs other forms, be a doubt as to the nature of the emotions which thus find expression. The cry, the attitude, all the various movements and actions of the birds, more especially their contiguity and turning towards each other, everything shows pleasurable excitement, and, indeed, there is not much else that such a scene can proceed from, for that anger or alarm, for which there is now no cause, and which have before been shown differently, can have nothing to do with it, is perfectly clear.

Such then, and so lovely, are the manifestations of joy in these lovely birds. Other emotional expressions are not so easy to define. What, for instance, is signified when a pair of yet uncyngeted swans behave, without any ostensible reason, in the following extraordinary way? Coming down, one behind the other, both hold themselves rigidly upright in the water, their wings pointing forward, with the tips just touching it, and their long necks stretched straight up. Then they begin to flap the wings, but very constrainedly, raising the points each time only a little off the water, and

bringing them down upon it again, and thus for some time they flap and cry in unison, each just the counterpart, the exact duplicate of the other, till at last the front one turns, so that they stand face to face—a foot or two between them—and continue thus to stand, flap, and cry—stand, I say, for they are reared up so high in the water that it is much more a standing than a swimming attitude. It is the strangest, the most odd thing to see, especially in the first bizarre grouping, when the two are in single file. Each seems possessed with the spirit of doing exactly the same as the other, going through a curious set form to which each seems to attach great importance. The note uttered is the same musical one, but it does not sound so perfectly joyous, not quite so whole-hearted or emotional. A ceremonial this, not a spontaneous glad outburst, an antic, not a hymn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DIVINITY AT CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Before next Saturday the question as to the religious character of the Theological Faculty at Cambridge will be finally settled. Last November a vote was taken, and the Senate decided that a new statute should be framed for doing away with all the statutable tests in connexion with Divinity Degrees. On Friday next there will be another opportunity for voting the subject, as the question will be put whether the seal of the University shall be affixed to the new statute or whether the present proposal shall be dropped. The sealing is generally treated as a mere formality, and allowed to pass unchallenged; but on this occasion there are good grounds for making an effective protest.

The fundamental issue is precisely similar to that at Oxford, whether theology, as recognised and rewarded at Cambridge, is to have a religious character or not. If the new scheme is finally accepted, Cambridge will have abandoned Christianity in favour of a doctrine which is really Deism, since it is merely intellectual and rests on an intellectual basis without any recognition of religious faith as an element in the knowledge of God. That is a conception of theology which has not hitherto commended itself either to Churchmen or Nonconformists, and it is important that such an important issue should really be decided on its merits.

Unfortunately the Council of the Senate have been at no pains to secure that an unbiassed decision should be taken. The new scheme, as put forward in March 1912 and announced again in October, appeared at the last moment to be unsatisfactory to its authors, and the Council added a rider which effectually obscured the real issue and made it appear that the question merely concerned the privileges of the Church of England and the disabilities of dissenters. The amended scheme, which was passed last November and is to be brought forward for confirmation this week, provides that while the highest theological distinctions shall be conferred on Nonconformists—and for that matter on non-Christians—they shall not be eligible for professional posts. This attempt to safeguard the pecuniary interest of the Church of England does not remove the objection of those who are concerned to maintain the religious character of Divinity Degrees. Many members of the Senate failed to realise that this hastily devised compromise is a mere makeshift and has no meaning except as a step towards the complete secularisation of the University.

The light-hearted manner in which the Council is endeavouring to carry through the severance of Theology from Religion is not a little remarkable. When the project was first mooted in the spring of last year, a memorial, which was signed by the Lord Chief Justice of England and a large number of eminent Cambridge men both clerical and lay, was presented to the Council, asking them to take the usual course in such matters and appoint a syndicate to consider the question in all its bearings before endeavouring to make a fundamental

* At least, what I saw of it.

change in the character of an ancient faculty. This memorial was treated with scant courtesy, and the Council insisted on proceeding with a scheme which they themselves subsequently admitted had been insufficiently considered and required to be amended. The unusual course which has thus been taken has rendered it impossible to consider one solution of the problem which would probably find favour with many members of the Divinity Faculty themselves. It is surely desirable that some method of preserving the religious character of theological degrees should be found; but if after consideration this proves to be impracticable, it would surely be better to abolish the D.D. degree altogether rather than to retain it nominally after its significance had been wholly changed. The University would still be able to recognise the merits of those who had distinguished themselves in any branch of literary or philological study. The Doctorate in Letters might be suitably conferred on graduates who are experts in Biblical science, as well as on those who have won distinction in philological, economic, metaphysical or historical science.

I am etc.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

DIVINITY DEGREES AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burlington Fine Arts Club,
17 Savile Row London W.

22 April 1913.

SIR—Religious motives have precious little to do with the proposed destruction of the theological faculty, but they have served admirably to cloak what is at bottom a mere piece of sentimental radicalism, eager as always to give away what does not belong to it.

Modern resident Oxford is heartily ashamed of the splendid incorrigibility of orthodox Oxford of the past, and is absorbed by the one ambition to be "up to date"; in other words, to shout with the largest crowd.

Let us non-residents make sure which is the largest crowd next Tuesday.

Your obedient servant

F. C. EDEN.

WOMEN AND BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Queen Anne's Gate London S.W.
15 April 1913.

SIR—Your correspondent Miss Bellin is undoubtedly right in saying that cruelty troubles women comparatively little unless it is enacted before their eyes; and the idea of preserving unseen birds, merely on account of their beauty, their utility, or their rarity, probably troubles still less the vast majority.

This Society has been trying for twenty years, in every way that could be devised, to bring home to women the cruelty and destruction for which they are responsible. We have published tens of thousands of leaflets and pamphlets, by scientific men, by humanitarians, and by ladies, containing fact, protest, and appeal; we have had thousands of letters and articles in the public Press and the magazines; we have held hundreds of meetings and lectures in town and country; we have had sandwichmen, for a fortnight at a time, in summer and winter, parading the West-end thoroughfares, and also posters on the walls. And what sign do women show of hearing, or heeding, or caring? A section of them, it is true, care intensely, but they cannot leave the lump; and law is necessary to compel the rest to give up what every single woman of intelligence should have demanded the right to renounce. Are they, as Miss Bellin says, callous and indifferent? are they incredibly stupid? do they lack the ability to look beyond the milliner's and hairdresser's windows, or to read anything but the babble about "Dame

Fashion", which seems levelled at the intellect of a five-year-old child? Or is their general feeling to be summed up in the reply made by a woman of the world to one of the members of this Society, "I will wear what is worn, and I don't care a damn about the birds"?

Many of us still cling to the hope that women are "thoughtless" and "do not know"; but in days when women are asking for a voice in the control of Imperial matters, it is surely a deplorable thing that they should not know or think about a woman's question which is arousing the indignation of the civilised world.

I am Sir your obedient servant

L. GARDINER, Secretary,

Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

INCREMENT VALUE DUTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill Clarkston Glasgow
22 March 1913.

SIR—In the increment value duty case which was decided by the Valuation Appeal Court on 6 March, Lord Johnston, who delivered the leading opinion, complimented the author of the People's Budget in the following terms:

"The provisions of the Act were wrapped up in such a cloud of words that it was quite possible that they might, if literally read, achieve a result not dreamt of by those who framed the Statute".

On behalf of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue it was argued that the duty as assessed by them "was an unavoidable result of the phraseology of the Statute, whatever the intention might have been"—a tolerably clear admission that the Act under their management was not achieving its objects. But their argument itself was all wrong. The phraseology of the Act in this particular is not in conflict with its intention, nor is the sense in the least degree ambiguous. It is difficult of interpretation purely because of the circumlocutions which have been introduced in the wording—to all appearance of set purpose. Let anyone, for instance, examine the statutory definition of "full site value":

"The full site value of land means the amount which remains after deducting from the gross value of the land the difference (if any) between that value and the value which the fee simple of the land, if sold at the time in the open market by a willing seller, might be expected to realise. . . ."

Let him substitute in this, for gross value, anything whatever, say, the amount of the National Debt, and he will find that the subject of the definition, full site value, is quite unaffected. Similarly, to get assessable site value we are instructed to take from "total value" the difference between gross value and full site value (besides certain other quantities varying with the individual case). Now it is probably not immediately apparent to the ordinary reader, although it is a fact, that this is mathematically the same thing as to take from "full site value" the difference between gross value and total value. This last difference is simply the capital value of fixed charges, so that assessable site value should properly be defined as "full site value minus capital value of fixed charges", gross value and total value having nothing to do with the matter. The statutory method gives the opportunity of counting in one gross value and taking out the same value got from a different hypothesis. In this manner the following results have been achieved (so far as regards collections attempted):

(1) In the Richmond case, where full and assessable site values were the same, the Commissioners began by assuming that this value was £58 5s., and ended by proving on that assumption that it was £178 5s.

(2) In the Lumsden case, where the full exceeded the assessable site value by £123, the Commissioners began

by assuming that the former quantity was £228, and ended by proving on that assumption that the latter (assessable site value) was £230.

(3) In the Dalry case the Commissioners began by assuming that the site value (full and assessable) was £20, and ended by proving on that assumption that it was £270.

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN GOVAN,

Fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries
in Scotland.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 12 April 1913.

SIR—To your gracious words about the irreparable loss which the world of letters has sustained by the death of Dr. Edward Dowden, I beg to be allowed to add a few lines of recognition of the true and charming friend of France, and loyal champion of all that is best in her literature, who has passed from among us. Nowhere may Dowden's power of instinctively fine appreciation of thought and of style, and his unerring sympathy with nobility of temperament and outlook, be found more easily than in his "History of French Literature, 1897". And in 1897 the study of French literature in England needed all the wise encouragement it could obtain from great and small.

In 1909, writing to me about some authors that I desired to see better appreciated in England, he specially spoke of what he owed to "Joubert, whom I came to know when quite young, Vauvenargues and Sully-Prudhomme, who enter so gently and so deeply into one's love".

I have the honour to be Sir

Your obedient servant

HERBERT H. STURMER.

MOZART'S "DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Oak Grove Cricklewood N.W.
3 April 1913.

SIR—The fact that "Die Zauberflöte" ("Il Flauto Magico") is rarely presented and performed has been twice commented upon quite recently by two of your musical reviewers, and if you can spare the space I would like to explain why it is so. The lady who is the Queen of Night has to possess a soprano register of exceptional compass, she, the aggrieved and infuriated mother of Pamina the heroine, having in her grand aria commencing with the recitative "Non paventar, amabil figlio", not only to bring the high C to utterance many times in succession, but to rise from it to the F alt with that leap even repeated. When Mozart wrote the part there was a singer of the operatic company (her name is recorded) who was able to do this with wonderful facility, which allowed him to give full rein to his conception of what fairies or goddesses might achieve. Without an artist similarly equipped to fit its fantastic atmosphere the opera has to be laid aside.

At intervals however the exceptional voice is found, the opera takes its place in the bills, and at one of these performances an accident occurred which is notable. Mr. Santley (not then Sir Charles) was the Papageno of the cast, and just at the moment when he and his sweetheart Papagena had the stage to themselves finishing the last few bars of their ecstatic love-duet, there was a rush in of terrified scene-shifters and other helpers in their working clothes, the Queen of Night wearing her black dress and spangles dashed to the front also, and the whole audience rose in a panic. Papageno and Papagena sang their last notes—he compelled her to stay, he was afterwards heard to say, by laying his hands on her shoulders—and then he went to the wings, to return instantly and call out in

good bold English, "There's no fire at all!" The panic ceased. People desisted from their crushing at the exits, resumed their stalls and their boxes, and the opera went on, the explanation next morning in the "Times" being that some light floating gauze behind the scenes had really been in a blaze but had instantly been extinguished.

Two of the "numbers" of the music had much popularity years ago. One was the duet between Pamina and Papageno, "La dove prende amor ricetto", maltreated into English as "The Manly Heart"; the other was the melody where Papageno, using his magic bells—which were as potent as his master's magic flute—compels the slaves to release their prey and fall a-dancing. It was known as "Away with melancholy"; and, unless my memory is wrong, was played by Dick Swiveller on his flute. And of course the grand bass solo for Sarastro the priest, "Qui sdegno", has never been banished from concert programmes.

I am Sir yours very faithfully

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

DANTE'S "INFERNO".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christ Church Vicarage Redfield Bristol
14 April 1913.

SIR—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 12 April a correspondent suggests that Dante's "Inferno" was based on a meditation at Tenebræ on the ground that "Inferno", xxi. 112-114, is suggested by the Canticum Ezechiae which occurs in Tenebræ (i.e. Laudes) for Holy Saturday. As this particular Canticum invariably occurs as the fourth psalm at Laudes in the "Office of the Dead", and had done so for some centuries before Dante's day, is it not far more probable that the "Inferno" is based on a meditation at a funeral where that Office was recited?

Yours obediently

DE LACY O'LEARY.

HUMANE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surrenden Park Pluckley Kent
20 March 1913.

SIR—As I wrote to you some time ago, I knew it was only a matter of time before a fatal accident would occur if the use of "humane slaughterers" was persisted in at slaughter-houses.

What I predicted has now happened.

Yours truly

WALTER WINANS.

AT BOGLIACO, LAGO DI GARDA.

THE olive for Heaven's azure sake
Lifts up her boughs, yearns to be true;
But still she softens to the lake
And bends toward the deeper blue.

Stern is the chastening she receives,
Aged and maimed she well-nigh faints,
Yet puts forth fruit and dove-like leaves,
Most lovable of mountain saints.

Leans o'er the path the golden bay,
The chestnut wrestles with the earth,
Only the cypress looks one way,
Knows nought but Heaven from her birth.

Yet what tree in this terraced place,
Chestnut or bay or cypress-spire
Achieves the tortured olive's grace,
Comes quite so near the heart's desire?

ANNA BUNSTON.

REVIEWS.

THE EPIC IN ENGLISH.

"English Epic and Heroic Poetry." By W. Macneile Dixon. London: Dent. 1912. 5s. net.

IN this soundly written and exhaustive study Professor Dixon gives to his subject the widest admissible range. He draws at the outset the very necessary distinction between the natural epic—the "authentic" epic, as he calls it—and the epic which belongs to a later development of civilisation. Spiritually of course these two classes of poetry may be poles apart. A certain tradition of external form, and a certain convention in the choice of materials, have passed from the primitive to the sophisticated type; but fundamentally the distinction, at its extreme, is the deepest of all differences, for it covers nothing less than the transition from the poetry which is spontaneous expression to the poetry which is highly conscious of itself. Mass and simplicity are involved in the very notion of an epic, however else we may define it. But there is a great gulf—a gulf impassable, we should call it, if it had not been passed—between mass and simplicity which make their own technique, and the corresponding qualities when they are produced by deliberate arrangement and restraint. Mr. William Watson has spoken somewhere of "the scholar's, not the child's simplicity", and this hits off the contrast very well. Precisely the same issue lies at the root of recent discussions on pictorial art. Simplicity, as we get it in Giotto, has intellectually little in common with the simplification to which modern painters have resorted. They do not really revive the original thing, any more than the neo-Catholicism of a poet like Rossetti really revives the Catholicism of a poet like Dante.

For purposes of study however it is advantageous that a volume of this sort should include these disparate kinds of art; since the external resemblances of form only serve to accentuate and illuminate the inward divergence. The author considers that we alone, of all nations, possess well-marked examples of both types; that no other language offers such a pair as "Beowulf" and "Paradise Lost". He makes the point, moreover, that "Beowulf" is closer to the soil than can be said of Homeric epic. Modern criticism is more and more inclined (justly, we think) to appreciate the high stage of development which Homer really represents. We see, in short, that Homer is not nearly so primitive as was once supposed. For this reason the Teutonic poem, with all its manifest inferiority in art to the Greek epic, is in a way more instructive to the historian, being "far nearer the original martial songs, its predecessors". Professor Dixon brings out extremely well the peculiar note of early Teutonic feeling, that Northern spirit of mysticism which the Ægean could never have produced. The conflict is not of heroic men in sunlight, but of heroic mankind with elemental horrors. "Neither Grendel nor his dam nor the dragon by whom he is slain make use of any speech. Suddenly and mysteriously they issue from the unknown, suddenly and mysteriously as a plague upon the wind."

To embrace both Chaucer and Spenser in his survey is bold on the part of the writer; but he urges that nobody can indicate the moment at which poetry ceases to be heroic because it is too romantic. In practice, we take it, Professor Dixon has felt that all poetry of large dimensions in which narrative, after all, is the thing, may justifiably illustrate his theme, whether integrally a part of it or no; and as this view of his task has certainly made the book more readable we shall by no means dissent. He quotes admirably from Chaucer, and above all he suggests a point which might well be amplified in some subsequent study—the affinity of Chaucer to the "Gothic" spirit in art. Spenser is of all poets the most difficult to assess, probably because of all poets he is the poet of an atmo-

sphere. He is impalpable to criticism because we cannot convey him by quotation nor concentrate his quality in great moments. There are no great moments in Spenser, for he has the uniformity of a summer landscape. Professor Dixon thinks we should place Spenser "with the masters of the poetic art rather than with the masters of the soul". Needless to say, we refuse to acknowledge a distinction so put; but what the critic means is clear enough. Spenser is tedious, unless we come to him specially prepared in mind or mood. The most significant thing about him is his influence on spirits themselves predestined to poetry. For these he is light and air, and our own real gain from him lies in what comes to us indirectly through other poets whose medium is more concrete. As for his didactic purpose, his allegory, Professor Dixon very sensibly observes that this "occasions no reader of this poetry any real discomfort".

A similar common sense is observable in the pages on Milton. So far from being a typical Puritan, we are told Milton "excommunicated in turn the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Independents". Highly interesting and most suggestive is the opinion that "there is little reason to believe that religious feeling dictated" the choice of "Paradise Lost" for the subject of the Miltonic epic. The analysis here made of the "Paradise Lost" is one of the best things of its kind we have read for outspokenness and sobriety of criticism. Milton's visible Heaven, we read, is "a wonder and an offence to the mystic". We do not ourselves consider that the root of the matter is quite touched by saying that Milton avoided the grotesque and the bizarre simply because, for him, "the laws of beauty and of taste prevailed", Gothic art has its "laws of beauty" not less than the art of Greece. Perhaps indeed it goes deeper. What Milton preferred was not "beauty"—a question-begging term—but one kind of beauty. The laws of beauty, whatever they may be, are something common to the frieze of Pheidias and the portals of Chartres. We shall at least get to safer ground if we assume that all triumphant and transparent expression of the human spirit, whatever its mood, is the basis of "the beautiful" truly understood. "You object that the beauty of 'Paradise Lost' is outward, not shy, modest, sheltered, elusive, pensive. There is no answer to the objection. What you say however is true also of the Parthenon." For our own part, while we agree with the last remark, we should not raise what Professor Dixon calls "the objection" as such. It is merely a distinction. What draws us to any species of great art is the thrill of personal contact. From which species we derive the thrill more vividly—whether from the elusive or from the serene, from the shadowy or from the symmetrical—is simply an accident of race, epoch, or temperament.

Professor Dixon continues his review right up to modern times, tracing the influence of our great narrative poetry as visible (however attenuated) in poets of all grades, and not neglecting even the mock-heroic vein. We have said enough to indicate that he is a writer of discretion and apt phrase, and the sincerest compliment we can pay him is to say that he has packed a large amount of readable, lucid and truly critical writing into a book which might have been, from its scope and subject, exceedingly uninspiring.

OLD MATTER, OTHER MINDS.

"Greek Divination: a Study of its Methods and Principles." By W. R. Halliday. London: Macmillan. 1913. 5s.

WHOEVER said that you find in a book what you bring to it, was not without glimpses of truth. Otherwise how do we explain the continuance of the study of the ancient world, and the activity with which it is pursued at the present moment? Additions no doubt have been made to the material of study, papyri and inscriptions flow in without cease, and certain minor departments of antiquity have all

but been created; but when we look at the main interest of the old world, the feeling, imagination and speculation of the Greeks and Romans, the authors are the same, and discovery has done no more than slightly increase their bulk. Homer is still the only source for the feelings and motives of the heroic age; the same Pindar and the same tragedians illustrate the middle period; Herodotus and Thucydides still receive the reiterated assaults of the historians; Plato and Aristotle remain in massive isolation, sole repertoires of thought. The activity of the actual generation of scholars must therefore be explained as due to the interest found in new interpretation of old documents; and the new interpretation it may be said at once owes its existence to the comparative method. The Victorians explained the Greeks by the Greeks. We bring to bear upon them the lore of black men and peasants, collected by missionaries and country antiquaries, and we elongate the Greeks' past by the still dumb evidence of archæology, especially Cretan archæology. We thereby obtain new tests and methods to apply to Greek antiquity, and no less a new conception of the Greeks' own psychology. This is enough to make the story of antiquity now told to us very different from that related by Grote and Arnold, lively as was the interest they took in antiquity. Of course—or one may say naturally—the new treatment has overreached itself. Arthur Verrall, genial teacher and possessor of an enviable dry and supple prose style, did much damage in his day, and his disciples, quos honoris causa non nominamus, are hard at it running hypotheses to see what they are worth, and experimenting with the possibility of paradox. The University of Cambridge, once the nurse of exact studies, has at present a reputation for frivolous writing which must pain the shades of Bentley and Porson. It is in the field of religion, naturally, that hypothesis and wild surmise find their freest scope. As the savage, the red, or black man made innumerable guesses at truth, and all wrong, no less does the historian of religion guess, and guess in vain, at the mind of early man. Our generation has seen the accumulation of vast blocks of evidence, constantly swelling, and with a faint thread of thought running through them, in the books of Mr. Frazer, Mr. Hartland and Mr. Cook, has seen the lighter flights of Miss Harrison, and the selection, propagation and transfiguration of how many desperate Germans by Mr. Murray. Reaction has come, and the danger of a cataclysm of folly drowning not only religion but history has been averted. So we may (and should) safely recognise the merits of the new and comparative method. Light has been cast upon dark places, much that was dead or enjoyed a conventional existence in antiquity has received vitality, and Greek culture has above all been made continuous with its origins and brought into the human family at large.

Mr. Halliday has applied the new psychological and comparative method to magic and divination. This subject, humble yet important, is one of the more curious provinces of the ancient mind. Part of it was official, part discredited, philosophers and thinkers were perpetually trying to shake it off or moralise it. As long however as religion contained sacrifice the inspection of inwards was necessary, and inference from them inevitable. But the mind of early man, and indeed of man at all periods, discontented with both revelation and science, has striven to read the future and avoid disaster by endless methods; the most harmless, as beyond the reach of cruelty and trickery, was the flight of birds. The facts of augury, lots, necromancy, etc. have long been known, and, as we see is the case with the study of antiquity in general, Mr. Halliday's task has been to set the material collected by the respectable Bouché Leclercq in a vital and organic relation. The book wears the air of a prize essay, which indeed it is understood to be, but it gives an impression of competency, and is interesting. Mr. Halliday displays a judiciousness and regard for evidence beyond his masters, whether he warns us that the date of the King-medicine-man in Greek

civilisation is beyond our fixing, or doubts the bird worship supposed to be portrayed on Cretan monuments.

The author makes a remark of some significance in his preface. He says "in these days when much is talked of Reform and Research at Oxford, a specimen of what has been done by an ordinary scholar under existing conditions may be of some interest. . . . My experience, such as it has been, has taught me but one fixed conviction, and that a negative one. Research and specialised work should on no account be a feature of pre-graduate study. Personally I have not merely felt that the three years spent in attaining my degree were from the point of view of my particular investigation of absolutely vital assistance, but I have even on occasion regretted that the full four years course had not increased the weapons in my armoury before I began my quest". This is a candid and manful confession. Calendars reveal the fact that Mr. Halliday took at Oxford Pass Moderations followed by a First Class in Literæ Humaniores. He therefore regrets that he did not take Honour Moderations. His statement is useful at a moment when his university is overrun by every kind of backwoodsman—Yankee, Colonial and German—eager to take a specialist degree before they can read and write, and when the poor provincial universities, as for instance Liverpool and London, bestow distinctions on writers of theses who fail to translate the authors of the languages which they select. Mr. Halliday exaggerates his own disadvantages. Some carelessness in the collection of references, and a certain awkwardness—Teutonism or journalese—in his English are all that can be charged against him.

A BOOK OF BORES.

"Bride Elect." By A. M. Champneys. London: Arnold. 1913. 6s.

IT is difficult to be altogether patient with the characters of this book, nor can we see that any great profit is to be derived from a disentangling of their "weaved-up folly". The author makes no secret of the fact that the root of their troubles was an absence of a sense of humour, and in consequence they weary us; when we should be thinking of their distress, our thoughts turn to their stupidity, and in the end we regard them with aversion rather than with pity. Audrey Vance, we are told, attempted to commit suicide when she was a child at school, and, though her effort was frustrated, no proper care seems to have been taken to put her nerves in order. Naturally, she grew up to be morbid and self-conscious, and all the follies in her were brought to fruit by a friendship with Theo Wynyard, a young man in whose genius for writing poetry we find it difficult to believe. No specimens of his work are given, but his conversation was dull, and his ideas on life had neither depth nor originality. The girl, however, made him her hero, and, worse still, took him as her confessor, bringing to him the story of her attempted suicide. Instead of telling her that she had been no more responsible for the incident than for having the measles, he declared at once that she must make her whole life an act of penance, and the subsequent stages of the story relate how she acted upon his advice.

George Wynyard, the poet's father and Audrey's guardian, is another character whose mind seems to have worked along peculiarly crooked ways. He was, we are told, in love with a certain Eve Dufour, but the memory of his dead wife prevented him from marrying her, or, in other words, he made himself a law of loyalty which he kept in the letter though never in the spirit. Later on he meets Eve unhappily wedded to another man. All his old passion is revived, but this time he decides to save himself from temptation by a marriage with his ward, Audrey. She, poor child, cares for nobody but the wretched

Theo, yet, when she sees that his father has need of her, she decides to sacrifice herself. Previously she had contemplated taking the veil as her act of penance, but the alternative now presented to her must have the preference since it is considerably more distasteful. In the end, however, she is not given the chance of performing her promises, and when George is dead and Theo has found that there is room only for poetry in his life, she fulfils her original intention of becoming a nun. Judging by all that had gone before we find it hard to believe that she had any true vocation, but she can certainly command more sympathy than any other person in the book.

The author, whom we presume to be a woman, in writing seriously about so many foolish people has taken a false step. We believe that this is her first novel, and though its language is often ponderous its construction is excellent. As a mere piece of mechanism we have seen few things better than the way in which the two separate stories of George and his son are worked into one harmonious whole. Literary structure is the rarest of all qualities in the work of an inexperienced writer, but to attempt to show the tragedy of those who lack humour is surely to court failure unless one bring to the task either divine pity or diabolical cynicism, and neither quality is at all apparent here. Earnestness the author indeed has, but it is an earth-creeping virtue, and there is, after all, no reason why we should be earnest over those who have the misfortune to be born bores. We may laugh or weep at them but we can serve no good purpose by studying them. No man can plan to avoid meeting the bore, for, as the insurance companies say, he is "an act of God", but there is no reason why anyone should write a book about him, and the person who lacks the sense of humour almost inevitably is a bore. "Bride Elect" is an example of misdirected talents, but its author will doubtless do much better at a second attempt. A lighter and brighter element among the minor characters of the story might have done much towards making it attractive without compromising its chance of gaining the writer a reputation as a maker of serious fiction.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

"Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament." By F. G. Kenyon. Second Edition. London: Macmillan. 1912. 5s. net.

"The Text and Canon of the New Testament." By A. Souter. London: Duckworth. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

"The New Testament Documents: their Origin and Early History." By G. Milligan. London: Macmillan. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Epistles and Apocalypse from the Codex Harleianus, numbered Harl. 1772 in the British Museum Library." Now first edited, with an Introduction descriptive of the MS. and its correctors, by E. S. Buchanan. London: Nutt. 1912. 21s. net.

THESE four books are all interesting as bearing witness in different ways to the vast strides which the science of textual criticism has made in the present generation. Sir Frederick Kenyon's excellent handbook has now reached a second edition; Professor Souter has written a shorter Introduction, which nevertheless appears to be absolutely complete; Dr. Milligan's lectures lay special stress on the palæographical side of his subject; Mr. Buchanan contributes a careful edition of an important Latin manuscript. Textual criticism is advancing rapidly and surely through the operation of three main causes: the vast amount of early papyri discovered of late, the application of photography, and the accurate printed editions of important manuscripts. Sir Frederick Kenyon's, Professor

Souter's, and Dr. Milligan's books all differ from earlier works in the weight they attach to the discoveries of papyri in Egypt; it is true that the amount of Biblical matter found there is not large, though fragments of S. Matthew, of S. John, and of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in writing of the third and fourth centuries, have now been added to our New Testament authorities; but the very work of handling, examining, and deciphering hundreds of other documents has been of the greatest advantage to scholars, by making them familiar with the size and texture of the papyrus roll, the different varieties of handwriting, and the length and breadth of columns etc.; every one of these particulars is important when we are considering the phenomena of the earliest New Testament codices, which were copied from such rolls; the narrow columns of the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS. are an inheritance from the papyrus period; and the varying order of New Testament books in the earliest codices points back to a time when not more than one of the longer books could be written on a single roll, and when the rolls were kept loose in their *capsa*, so that stereotyped order was impossible. For the further light thrown by the papyri upon the peculiarities, as they used to be considered, of New Testament Greek, we can refer our readers to Dr. Milligan; he is as great an authority on the subject at home as Deissmann is abroad; and though his Croall lectures do not contain anything startling or brilliant, they are a very useful piece of compilation, kept well up to date.

To photography is due the progress made in other ways. Textual criticism is dependent on palæography, for we cannot settle the inter-relations of our MSS., their groups or family trees, until we know with comparative certainty when and where they were written. And photography has created the science of palæography; we have only to compare the superb facsimiles issued by the Palæographical Society with the lithographed efforts of earlier editors to see that exact comparison of manuscripts and scientific judgment on writing was out of the question in old days. But photography is now not only good but cheap; by the "rotary bromide" process we can have a manuscript reproduced (in white writing on a black surface) for little more than a franc a page; we can possess a whole MS. of the Gospels or Epistles in permanent facsimile for less than the cost of our fare to Vienna or Florence to collate it in its own library. And a photograph is better than the most careful collation in every respect save one—it cannot reproduce the various shades of ink which mark off the correctors of a MS. from the original scribe and from each other; the Benedictine monks at Beuron indeed claim at last to have found a method of photographing even palimpsest MSS. in such a way as to bring out the earlier writing and make the second hand invisible; but, as a rule, when a manuscript has been much erased or corrected there is nothing to be done save work at it oneself and slowly puzzle out the different hands. Here is, and always will be, the opportunity for the specialist; no amount of photography will dispense with the need of accurate printed editions, the original text given page for page and line for line, and the readings of the correctors properly classified and tabulated in the notes. Mr. Buchanan has done excellent work in editing Old-Latin MSS. in this way, and in this last publication he has given us a valuable Latin text of the Epistles and Apocalypse. Most of the important Latin MSS. are now well edited; and if we turn elsewhere, the labours of Gwilliam, Burkitt, and Horner have within the last twelve years supplied the student with admirable editions of the Syriac and Coptic versions of the Gospels. The present generation has been unexampled in the amount of material it has placed in the hands of the textual critic; and here, as elsewhere, well begun is half done; if our data are true and numerous there is the greater probability that our conclusions will be sound.

OLD ENGLISH PAINTED GLASS.

"A History of English Glass-painting, with some Remarks upon the Swiss Glass Miniatures of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." By Wilfred Drake. London: Laurie. 1912. 42s. net.

WHY the making of a stained-glass window should be such a jig-saw puzzle to most people is amusingly incomprehensible to those engaged in doing it. Even enforced gazing at beautiful or tiresome examples in churches seems to afford no clue to the enigma, for every designer anticipates such inevitable questions by visitors to his studio as "Why cannot the old colours now be produced?" a mid-Victorian tradition. "Why cannot you do without the leads?" "Is the window fired before it is leaded up or after?" Even to the reasoning mind a tray full of painted glass presents a most unexpected appearance of an ugly mass of black fragments smashed to smithereens. No wonder then that ancient glass, when once deposited from its setting, is doomed to lie unrecognised and perish as rubbish. A recent illustration has come under our notice from a church that had suffered renovation at the discretion of an ignoramus who had wrenched out what survived of the east window and put it into the belfry, where it lay for forty years in apparently broken fragments. Every atom has at length been collected, and the piecing together has developed three beautiful fifteenth-century canopies, piously smeared by some puritan with whitewash, which is now being piously removed. To unearth what was ruthlessly wrenched out by religious zealots, eighteenth-century architects, or ignorant churchwardens is one of the objects of Mr. Drake's delightfully attractive book. Although some may be less sanguine than he as to the quantity still to be rescued, for ancient glass must run even radium close in the difficulty of its collection, yet to searchers the author has generously, and as a collector most unselfishly, given away all his tips and all he knows down to microscopic details. The amateur who conscientiously inquires into the history of what he collects will find under that title unexpected reward in information never hitherto found in print, and too valuable to entrust to memory alone. It is admirably arranged for reference, except for rough edges and page numbering far within the margin, with lists of contents, chapter headings and indices, besides excellent recapitulating summaries at the close of every chapter, and explanations in front of the beautiful and numerous plates. The author, who modestly calls his substantial treatise a handbook, not only holds his reader, but coaches and liberally crams him. The technical side of manufacture includes an interesting illustration of ancient tools, some of which could not have been so clumsy as we are apt to suppose. It would puzzle a modern glazier to shape ruby glass as did the old monks with their grooving irons, though the author must know that a more effective cutter than the diamond is now used.

Collectors may be ranged in classes. Artists collect for beauty's sake, curators of museums for historical or technical interest or for rarity, the many for money value; these reasons stated in order of merit are unfortunately popular in reversed order. Every way, then, there is a demand for old work; is there a corresponding supply? Mr. Drake says yes. Much that is genuine is still unearthed. His clever exposures of tricks are so explicit that the forger should henceforth find himself checkmated. Yet, inasmuch as Mr. Drake describes a forgery in his own possession as exquisite, and others as most difficult to detect as shams, we are thrown back upon the real test of a work of art—its beauty and satisfying effect. In dealing with this subject the writer is particularly illuminating, but why does he tell the amateur collector that iridescence of silver stain is a certain sign of age, as this appearance is almost indistinguishable from the metalling observable even in glass warm from the kiln? Photographs are wisely used in comparing the false with genuine examples of Swiss

medallions so prized for domestic decoration. Not only is a chapter devoted to these, but information is given in appendices concerning signatures and dates which all will be glad to possess, though few will be capable of challenging or verifying. In whatever county we may wander a directory states just where good old glass is to be seen; this list, though valuable, will need occasional revision. We notice, for instance, the window at Rickmansworth is included as old, whereas a fine example of the work of Burne-Jones and Morris was substituted years ago. What has become of the old window? Mr. Drake may not yet be too late, especially as he appears to think that interest in collecting dates back only ten years or so.

How the mellowing of age is accomplished by corrosion and disintegration is well demonstrated both from the author's own researches and, as he tells us, from the expert pronouncements by Mr. Heaton before the Society of Arts. As to leading, when its arrangement in different periods is compared showing how the lines are swallowed up almost entirely in fourteenth-century work, and how it punishes efforts after the pictorial, we feel we are under excellent tuition, though the windows are considered rather regardless of their function. The earliest styles the author so much admires were not illuminating, and designers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries or of the Early Renaissance would rightly find it difficult to-day to obtain faculties.

"How to Collect the Unobtainable" would have done for a second title to Mr. Drake's book. Can he not console the inevitable disappointment of the numerous enthusiasts his book will inspire by publishing a sequel in praise of modern English glass since he pronounces it to be the finest in the world? Workers of old prospered and improved under contemporary patronage, what advance might not be made if there were more of it to-day? Who will present a wing to the Tate Gallery for stained glass, and commission connoisseurs like Mr. Drake to select examples of modern work by such masters as Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Kempe, and others. If pictures and statuary by living artists are worthy of public purchase, why not fine modern stained glass?

THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"S. Augustine of Canterbury." By Sir Henry H. Howorth. London: Murray. 1913. 12s.

SIR HENRY HOWORTH called his earlier work on S. Gregory "The Birth of the English Church", and never mentioned the subject. We are not quite certain what is the title of the present volume—it has several—but at any rate it is about the Italian mission which brought Christianity to the English race. There was also a Celtic mission from Iona, but Lightfoot's dictum that Aidan and not Augustine was the apostle of England had a controversial animus and is now discredited. As Sir Henry himself says, "there can be no question whatever that the Church of the English was the daughter of Rome", though he reiterates that "the Roman missionaries made little headway", and even says that "the mission was essentially a failure"—which hardly harmonises with what we read on p. 87 that "the mission had been an abnormal success". Probably, however, only Kent is here intended. By receiving baptism the Kentish King seems to have forfeited his hegemony, which passed to East Anglian princes. As regards Wessex, its first Christianising, says Dr. Mason, "was accomplished without the least reference to the chair of Augustine; indeed, almost in defiance of it. Nevertheless the history of the Church of England begins with Augustine and centres round his see of Canterbury".

The time has passed, in fact, for talking as though Anglo-Saxon Christianity was somehow non-Roman in origin and character. On the other hand, its natural affiliation to the great apostolic see of the West proves little towards the duty of perpetual subjugation to pretensions ever growing in exorbitance and involving gross corruptions. All that can be said is that, in the

day of a re-united Christendom, the Church founded by S. Peter and S. Paul will be universally recognised as having the right to claim a primacy of influence and honour. On the other hand, even those who insist most uncompromisingly on the *de jure divino* nature of that claim must admit that the greatness of the Papacy owes much to incidental, even if they were providential, causes. If an obscure market-town in Kent could attain to the authority and world-wide prestige of the metropolitan throne of Canterbury, the power of which in all parts of the Anglican communion is rapidly increasing in our own day, merely because a second-rate monk fixed his episcopal stool there thirteen centuries—Sir Henry Howorth calls it a "millennium"—ago, what might not be expected of imperial Rome, as the seat of an august spiritual dominion tracing itself back to the greatest two Apostles?

For a long time the supremacy of Canterbury over York was far from secure. Little as he knew of the distant island, Pope Gregory clearly intended London to be the permanent Church centre, though during Augustine's lifetime the place hallowed by the first victories of the Cross was to be the metropolitan city. This intention was frustrated by the obstinate paganism of the East and Middle Saxons. Accordingly Augustine consecrated the priest Laurence to succeed him in the Archbishopric of Canterbury while the see of London was still held by Mellitus. S. Gregory seems to have planned two equal provinces, with twelve suffragan sees in each. In the result, Canterbury had twelve and York four. How uninhabited Canterbury had been since the withdrawal of the Romans is shown by the circumstance that it alone among the towns of East Kent lost its old name of Durovernum on becoming a Christian settlement, and acquired a new one—viz. Cantuarabyrig. Sir Henry Howorth examines the question of the landing-place of the missionary-monks and holds with the Bishop of Bristol—who he calls almost throughout Bishop Brown—that it was Richborough, not Ebbsfleet.

"If any man", says Haddan, "ever had greatness thrust upon him with which he did not quite know how to deal, that man was Augustine of Canterbury, though he has one claim to our respect, that of a blameless and

(Continued on page 493.)

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self-denying Christian life." We are not sure, however, that too much has not been made of the saint's tactlessness and of his unconciliatory attitude towards the British Church. These Celtic bishops disliked being put under the jurisdiction of the Italian stranger, though they made no demur to the authority of the Holy See. But they would have hugged their insular and rather pig-headed independence if an archangel had come to them. The English conquerors they very naturally loathed, and all this to-do about making them Christians seemed very unnecessary. The British divines were by no means unlearned or lacking in accomplishments, and were very little disposed to bow down before these foreign shavelings, who had, moreover, a ridiculous style of tonsure. Sir Henry Howorth inclines to Aust on the Severn as the place of the famous meeting. But how can the name prove anything about S. Augustine if it is derived from "Traiectus Augusti"? Sir Henry, who is not a young man, asks his readers to be "patient when they come across occasional errors of fact or temper or taste, and not disdain altogether what has been the result of much labour and thought" because of flies that have crept into his pot of ointment while he was nodding. Indeed this is a much better book than his recent "S. Gregory the Great", and especially the Latin quotations in it are not so shockingly full of blunders. But the flies are pretty thick in the ointment notwithstanding, and one or two are of elephantine size. Twice, for example, "lator præsentium" is translated "bearer of presents"! On p. xxi "parochia" appears to be a plural! Moreover, though Sir Henry prides himself that his history is wholly impartial and impersonal, his remarks are often crude and irritating, as in his polemic against creeds. He has the candour, however, to acknowledge that the sophisticator of the simple Gospel whom he is chiefly attacking is S. Paul. As for the Fathers, his contempt for them is unbounded; while monks are morbid epileptics. What is it which attracts Sir Henry Howorth to these uncongenial periods of history?

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Experiments in Industrial Organisation." By Edward Cadbury. London: Longmans. 6s. net.

Mr. Cadbury's evident self-satisfaction in the family's famous Bournville works and everything connected therewith is quite justified. We like the frank way in which he puts business foremost and philanthropy where it fits in. There is no pretence of being a philanthropist first and merely taking profit by the way. The cocoa and chocolate trade is exceptional, and the work can be so disposed that a benevolent despotism is evidently the best form of management. But the class of labour is special too, the greater part consisting of women, and more than half of these are under eighteen. Bournville, practically self-contained, is some distance from a town; and therein possibly lies a good deal of its success. Seeing clearly the dangers of idleness, the firm deliberately sets itself the task of providing the best mental and physical recreation for its workers, and the chapters dealing with these subjects are well worth careful study. Whether in the midst of urban surroundings the same success would have come is doubtful; counter attractions to the undisciplined youthful mind might have proved irresistible. The educational training may well be taken as a model, and appears the most useful blend of technical and book application to the special end required which has yet been established. We hope the result will tell on the surrounding districts. Discipline, health, safety, and organisation are provided for in the way of the best concerns. The question of wages is treated at some length. In the payment there is a meed of the co-operative principle and a bonus to encourage invention and improvement. It would be interesting to know whether any employee has ever become a director. In the sickness branch, reading between the lines, it seems as though the Insurance Act will prove a poor substitute for the very efficient system now in force. Self-contained as Bournville is, many of its individual excellences might well be imitated elsewhere.

"Music on the Shakespearian Stage." By G. H. Cowling. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. 4s. net.

The art of rendering a fertile subject barren is not difficult to acquire, and Mr. Cowling has thoroughly mastered it. This is not a book, but the dry notes and memoranda for a

book. Taken by someone with more complete first-hand knowledge, vivified by imagination, the breath of life blown into it, a fascinating book would result; but Mr. Cowling offers us only a skeleton. The book on "The Recorder" which we noticed here a short while back told us far more in a few pages about the music of Shakespeare's plays. That trumpets, drums, viols, trombones and flutes were used all men know; precisely how they were used the most learned and enthusiastic can only surmise. Mr. Frank Harris has shown how music was a consuming passion with Shakespeare, and we may be sure he employed it largely during his period of management. It would consist of songs for the solo voice and madrigals for a quartet or choir; the instrumental numbers would be dances, and in all certainty madrigals played by instruments. For a long time madrigals and "ballets" were issued with the recommendation "apt for voyces or viols". As for the fanfares etc. for the entrances and exits of important personages in the plays, probably they were never written down at all, but were handed on traditionally. It is only a few years since the musicians in provincial theatres were expected to know all those tricks—the blare of trumpets to herald a hero, the tremolando when the villain was about to strangle the heroine, the soft-sustained chords in the love-making passages. It seems as likely as not that these devices were all in use in Shakespeare's and in Marlowe's time. Mr. Parker is both too positive and too reticent. He jumps to immense conclusions from the most slender of premisses. To give an instance where he is not dealing with music, he insists that the Elizabethans had scenery on the strength of a remark made by a character in the "Knight of the Burning Pestle". "... What story is that painted on the cloth?" The "cloth" was, or was supposed to be, a tapestry, put there, if it was put there at all, for the special purpose. To call this "scenery" is to abuse terms.

In the "Revue des deux Mondes" the second part of M. Bertrand's "Saint Augustin" is complete, and the third part announced for the next number. M. Emile Clermont's "Laure" also will then be completed. The writer of "La Duchesse D'Orléans et Madame de Genlis" sums up "La vie sentimentale de Mme. de Genlis, exempte, en somme, de scandale, n'eût relevé que de sa conscience: mais elle ne rendit pas à la Duchesse d'Orléans ses enfants, et c'est en cela que Mme. de Genlis ne fut pas 'honnête'." M. Faguet, writing of a book, "Miracle de Jeunesse", concludes his survey of the modern youth after enumerating their virtues: "Mais, par Saint Georges! ils ne sont pas modestes." There is a long article on "Le Service de Trois Ans et les Armements Allemands".

For this Week's Books see page 498.

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(b) On or in respect of any bonds or liabilities of any other Company under or pursuant to any guarantee given by the said Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

Under the By-law authorising the issue of the Stock the Company reserve the right to redeem the Stock at £105 per cent. at any time on or after 1st March, 1936, on giving one year's notice, and a register of the Stock will be kept at the offices of the Company in London, Montreal, and New York respectively, and transfer from one to the other can be made on payment of a fee of 2s. 6d.

Interim Scrip Certificates will be issued in exchange for the Bankers' Receipt for the payment on Allotment, for which Registered Stock Certificates will be issued after the date for the payment of the final instalment. The Stock will be registered, in the first instance, on the London Register free of expense, but can be afterwards transferred to the Register at Montreal or New York, if desired by the holder.

Application will be made in due course for a settlement and quotation of the Stock on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications must be made on the authorised form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Company, 67 Lombard Street, E.C., with a deposit of £10 per £100 Stock applied for.

The subscription list will be closed on or before Tuesday, the 22nd instant.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company; of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Company, 67 Lombard Street, E.C., and of Messrs. Coates, Son and Company, 99 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

On behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company,
ALFRED W. SMITHERS,

Chairman { London Committee,
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company.
Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

Deakwood House, No. 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

17th April, 1913.

JOHN BARKER & CO. (LIMITED).**A RECORD YEAR'S TRADING.**

THE Twentieth Ordinary General Meeting of John Barker and Company (Limited) was held on April 16th, Sir John Barker, Bart., the Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Henry W. Over, F.O.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said:—Your directors meet you to-day with greater satisfaction than ever regarding the results of their last year's stewardship. We have again had a record year's trading in spite of adverse conditions, more especially the regrettable fire in November last, which resulted in the death of five employees. This tragic occurrence filled us all with profound sorrow; and a message of deep sympathy, together with a considerable allowance, was conveyed to the bereaved families and friends. Our warm acknowledgments are due to many neighbours who promptly offered housing accommodation and other assistance during rebuilding, more especially to Messrs. Derry and Toms and Messrs. Lyons and Co. Our immense area at Pontings, however, has enabled us to meet to some extent our requirements in housing and commissariat. This lamentable mishap naturally caused a set-back to the trading in those sections destroyed by the fire. Our building department, however, per-

formed the remarkable achievement of erecting, within the record time of twenty days, temporary premises occupying an area of no less than 14,000 superficial feet. The premises which were demolished are being rebuilt as rapidly as possible and modernised. Notwithstanding this disaster and the consequent disorganisation of business, the net profit is a considerable advance on last year, and together with the large addition to the amount carried forward, shows an increase under these heads of more than £12,000. In a business of these dimensions nothing contributes more to stability and to public confidence than writing off freely everything that should be written off. This has long been a settled part of our financial policy. A sum of no less than £17,000 has, therefore, been written off or set aside for such items as repairs and renewals, depreciations, and redemption of leasehold properties, as well as for the cost of National Health Insurance, which amounts to £930 5s. 4d., and £412 12s. 6d. for loss on investments, as to which I shall have something to say presently. Under the headings of general reserve fund, reserve against properties created by re-valuations, and undivided profit account, it will be noted with satisfaction that these reserves now amount to £232,000. Including the amount carried forward, the total reserve exceeds a quarter of a million, reaching the handsome figure of £257,000. In addition to these reserves, which are indexes of strength, we have been successful in acquiring three new leases of buildings and land expiring in 2001. These have already been let at a profit rental of £578 15s. a year for twenty-seven years, and afterwards at a profit rental of £910 a year for sixty years. These large incomes could be realised at any time it was thought advantageous to do so; and liquid assets of this kind, invested outside the business, are one of the most valuable additions to its reserves which a big concern could devise. It is of interest to note that we should have required to buy £36,000 worth of Consols to bring in the £910 a year derived from the profit rent. Since the South African War all gilt-edged investments have shown a downward tendency. Banks, financial houses, railway and shipping concerns, corporation stocks, and large businesses have alike suffered loss through depreciation of investments. Hence the caution we invariably exercise in the matter of investment outside the business. The subway for which sanction has at last been obtained will constitute an attractive and profitable feature of industrial enterprise. By this means our establishments on both sides of Kensington High Street will be linked up so as to provide a continuous passage to all departments, which will be practically all under one roof for shopping purposes. For these purposes, and in order to liquidate the loan from the bankers, you will be asked to sanction an increase of capital. In this connection it is interesting to recall that since the incorporation of the company, Preference shareholders have received in dividends no less than £140,000. Ordinary shareholders have received no less than £364,000 in dividends, or £229 10s. for every £100 invested in the original shares, which is a fraction below 250 per cent. on their investment. It is equal to £2 5s. 11d. for every £1 invested, and that £1 is still standing to the shareholder's credit, and is still earning more money. It is worth noting that since shareholders first invested in this company its earning capacity has very nearly trebled. Its immense and profitable developments, which were then unknown quantities, have been certainties for years past; and this business has long been recognised to be in the front rank as an absolutely sound investment. A word of acknowledgment is due to the buyers and managers and staff generally for their loyal co-operation in all that concerns the prosperity of the business, especially for their untiring efforts early and late to minimise the inconvenience and loss caused by the fire. I hope I may also be allowed to include the directors and secretary in this expression of appreciation, for I well know how one and all laboured to keep the whole industrial machine in good working order during that trying period. I have pleasure in moving: "That the directors' report and accounts for the year ended February 19th, 1913, be received and adopted."

Mr. Ralph Millbourn seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved: "That balance dividends be paid at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum on the Cumulative Preference shares for the half-year ended February 19th, 1913; 1s. 10d. per share on the Ordinary shares for the same period, making with the interim dividends already paid 12½ per cent. for the year; and £2 10s. 7 15d. per share on the management shares for the year ended February 19th, 1913."

Mr. Francis Barker, J.P., briefly expressed his pleasure in seconding the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman moved that the capital of the company be increased to £550,000 by the creation of 150,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each, ranking in all respects *pari passu* with the existing Ordinary shares of the company.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and the proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the directors, and the staff.

LAMPORT AND HOLT.

THE First Ordinary General Meeting of Lamport and Holt (Limited) was held on Thursday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: It is sixty-eight years since the firm of Lamport and Holt established the business, which was incorporated in 1911 as a limited company under the same name and practically under the same management. My friend, Mr. Walter Holland, the late senior partner, who has retired from active participation in the business, is, I am pleased to say, still largely interested in the company and takes a warm interest in its success; while two other partners, Mr. George Melly and Mr. Arthur Cook, who have been connected for a great many years with the business, are on the board and act as the managing directors, and I have pleasure in expressing our thanks to them and also to the officials and staff, both on shore and afloat, for the satisfactory results we are able to present to you to-day. The profits earned here, I consider, been very satisfactory, and in dealing with them it has been the aim of your Board to place the company on a thoroughly sound and substantial basis, so as to be in a strong position to meet the fluctuations and periods of depression which occur from time to time in the shipping trade. You will remember that in the prospectus the item of goodwill stood at over £200,000, and this has already been extinguished out of the profits earned between January 1, 1911, and the date of the registration of the company. We have set aside, in addition, the round sum of £100,000 to start a reserve fund, and after paying 6 per cent. on the Preference shares we are able to recommend the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and to carry a substantial balance forward. During the past year we added no fewer than seven large modern steamers to the fleet, which now consists of thirty-four steamers and four building, the total fleet being over 213,000 tons. We have sold one of the older boats, and it will be the policy of your Board to take advantage of favourable opportunities to replace the older vessels from time to time so as to keep the fleet thoroughly up-to-date. Nearly all the working expenses of the steamers increased during 1912, and they are now at a very high level. The coal strike during 1912 added considerably to the cost of bunker coals, as we kept all our steamers running throughout the strike, and were thus able to maintain the regularity of the service, which was much appreciated by our regular shippers. We were only able to do this by buying a large amount of bunker coal at famine prices, and in some

cases we paid considerably over 40s. per ton; I believe that the highest rate was between 43s. and 44s. per ton. But I believe that this was a sound policy, which made it possible for our merchants to carry on their regular export and import trade, notwithstanding the disorganisation caused by the strike. Now, in reference to the future, I never prophesy, but I believe that this old business is now in a stronger position than it has been in for many years. In fact, I doubt whether it was ever in a stronger position financially since it was founded, nearly seventy years ago, and the aim of your Board will be to continue the policy which has built up this great business, and it will endeavour still further to strengthen the resources of the company so as to be prepared to meet any eventuality. I now have the pleasure of proposing "That the report of the directors and the accounts and balance sheet submitted to this meeting be and the same are hereby received and adopted, and that a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum (less income tax) for the period November 14th, 1911, to December 31st, 1912, be and the same is hereby declared on the Ordinary shares."

Mr. George H. Melly seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

KIMBERLEY WATER WORKS.

THE Thirty-third Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Kimberley Water Works Company, Limited, was held on April 16th, Mr. J. Jackson (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: The conditions and circumstances that make for prosperity have been even more favourable during 1912 than in the previous year. In the first place, the diamond industry maintains its solidly successful course, and activity in mining operations has been increased rather than abated. As I have often pointed out, the welfare of De Beers means the welfare of Kimberley, and, with it, the welfare of the water works. In the second place, there occurred during a great part of the year a severe drought, said to be in some sections of South Africa the worst that has been experienced for a generation or more. These favouring influences led to a consumption of 203 million gallons, the largest in any year since 1907—nearly 30,000,000 gallons more than in 1911. Unfortunately the increase in revenue was not in proportion, since a large amount of the 28,000,000 gallons sold in January, and of the quantities in November and December were taken by De Beers for mining purposes at a considerable reduction on normal prices. Notwithstanding this, however, the improvement in profit is sufficient to justify the Board in recommending that a bonus of 1s. 6d. a share be paid in this exceptionally prosperous year, the first departure so far from the regular 5 per cent. for the past fifteen years, which can only be repeated when there should be recurrence of the existing conditions. In spite of the drought, there has at no time been the slightest anxiety regarding the sufficiency of the supply.

Mr. W. Mendel seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders was then held, Mr. James Jackson again presiding.

The Chairman said: It is generally admitted in these days that in the public interest towns ought to have the control of their lighting, tramways, water supplies. The municipality of their own initiative introduced into the agreement the machinery by which they could compulsorily acquire the water works in the form of the option. We have, however, pretty clear indications that it is not their intention to do so, but, on the other hand, it is apparent that they mean to take some step, for in the exercise of their rights under the agreement the municipality have appointed an expert to inspect and value the works and plant, and recent advices by telegram inform us that the inspection is at present actually taking place. The principle on which the purchase prices were fixed in the options was that the shareholders ought to get par value, or £7 for their shares, and as a board we should hesitate to recommend the acceptance of anything else. He moved a resolution to that effect, which Mr. Mendel seconded, and it was carried after two amendments had been defeated.

CONSOLIDATED MINES SELECTION CO.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Mines Selection Company, Limited, was held on April 15th, Mr. Walter McDermot presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles W. Moore, F.C.I.S.) read the notice calling the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the shareholders had received with the company's own report the annual reports of their subsidiary companies, the Brakpan and Springs Mines and the Transvaal Coal Trust. The year had been marked for them by the entrance of the Brakpan Mine into the dividend-paying list, with distributions of £300,000, equal to 40 per cent. on its capital. They had waited for many years for some realisation of hopes based on faith in that mine; and even this first year's return, satisfactory as it was, was not the maximum which could fairly be expected from the existing mill, because the average number of stamps running during 1912 was 135, while there were 160 now at work. The mill was planned and built for 200 stamps capacity; and the last 40 were now on order, but it was not the intention immediately to equip the whole mill in proportion to that addition of stamps; they were for the present partly to take the place of extra tube mills to ensure finer grinding and partly to equalise certain irregularities in power and ore supply affecting the monthly capacity of the mill. Late experience on the Rand tended to the belief that some of the grinding work, which had been crowded on to tube mills, could be more economically performed by carrying the crushing by stamps a little further. He did not wish to enter the field of prophecy and say what the Brakpan Mine should, or would, pay in any one year, because they were in the comfortable position of believing firmly in regular and satisfactory returns; and, at the same time, they all knew that the unexpected had a way of turning up to the injury of exact calculations. What he could say, with confidence, was that at the back of the bare figures which were detailed in the reports of the consulting engineer and manager there were some broad facts extremely promising for the future. The Transvaal Coal Trust, in which the company owned many shares, was the largest shareholder in Springs Mines, and still held 253,500 shares in Brakpan, so that their own interest in those two mines was an important one, indirectly as well as directly. They were therefore able to look forward to dividends from the Transvaal Coal Trust earned by its gold shares as well as by its regular trade in coal; and it had besides certain rights, and also holding stands, of substantial value. They were intending to undertake the active development of the Springs Mine, where the reef had lately been struck in one of the two shafts. The first assays of the reef were encouraging; but, quite irrespective of immediate assays in either shaft, they felt it necessary and desirable to raise more money for development after all that had been spent in getting the shafts down.

Mr. Berthold Kitzinger seconded the motion, which was agreed to. The Chairman moved: "That a dividend of 1s. per cent. (1s. per share), free of income tax, be, and is hereby declared payable this day to all shareholders registered on February 27th, 1913, that the sum of £15,000 be placed to reserve account, and that the balance of £10,623 3s. 4d. be carried forward to next account."

Mr. J. S. Wetzel seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

LONDON AND BRAZILIAN BANK.

LARGE INCREASE IN PROFITS.

At the Forty-second Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the London and Brazilian Bank, Limited, on Wednesday, Mr. John Beaton (the Chairman) said:—It affords your Board much satisfaction to be able to meet you to-day with such a statement as you have now before you. The net return of the year ended last January amounted to £378,000, being £70,000 more than the record profit of 1912, our jubilee year, which, I would remind you, showed an increase of £35,500 on the out-turn of 1911. I am sure you will be glad to know that the successful result of the year's working was not owing to any special business, but to a larger turnover at each of our establishments, together with a strong demand for money at higher rates of interest both in Brazil and the River Plate. We also had the advantage, for part of the time, of the additional capital voted last year. I think you will agree with me that the successful result of the year's business, in spite of the keen competition, is conclusive proof of the maintenance of the bank's profit-earning powers and of the zeal and good management of the staff. We were very pleased to announce to you in our report that the additional capital of £500,000 which was voted at the last general meeting and offered pro rata to the shareholders was fully subscribed, and the premium, amounting to £250,000, was transferred to the reserve fund, making the amount thereof £1,300,000. The balance sheet, I am glad to say, continues to record the successful progress of our business. Compared with that of last year, every item shows an increase with the exception of the cash, which, at £3,442,000, is £402,000 less. This, however, is not surprising in view of the very large addition of £944,000 in the loans and bills accounted, and also of £655,000 in the specie and remittances in transit. There is an increase of £22,000 in the premises account, which comprises the purchase price of the branch premises at Porto Alegre, payments on account of the branch premises under construction at Pernambuco, and expenses connected with the enlargement of the offices here in London and in Buenos Ayres. There will be a further increase in this account this year, for only quite recently we have had to acquire the premises adjoining our branch at Rio de Janeiro in order to give them more office space for their increasing business. I think we shall also have to arrange for more accommodation at some of our other establishments. The strong demand for money which I mentioned had ruled last year in Brazil and the River Plate still continues, and in Brazil there is now a monetary stringency—a somewhat unexpected position, for the large emissions of convertible notes that have been made during recent years had raised the total paper currency to over one million contos, which, was, I suppose, thought sufficient. It is, however, quite evident that the Government cannot increase the paper currency except by the issue of convertible notes against gold deposited in the Caixa de Conversão—the Bureau of Conversion—which, I suppose, will mean further importations of gold. It may interest you to know that the amount of gold in deposit against the current convertible notes, which amount to about 420,000 contos, valued at the end of last month £26,300,000. The explanation of the stringency is the continual remittance of cash to the interior for the payment of wages, &c., in connection with railway and other constructions all over the country, but chiefly in the States of Rio, São Paulo, and Paraná. The gross profit amounts to £691,146, being £97,000 more than last year—equal to 164 per cent. The charges are £22,000 more, chiefly owing to a larger staff and to the annual increment of salaries. There will certainly be an addition to this item following a larger business and a larger staff. The taxes are £4,800 more. The available balance is £638,533. In October last we paid a dividend of 12s. per share, and we now propose to make a like payment, making the dividend for the year 12 per cent. We also propose to pay a bonus of 16s. per share, making a total distribution of 20 per cent. on the paid-up capital of the bank, free of income tax. I will now propose the first resolution: "That the report and accounts of the directors, now read, be received and adopted, and that, in accordance with the recommendation of the directors, a dividend of 12s. per share (free of income tax), making, with the interim dividend of 12s. per share paid in October last, a dividend for the year at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum (free of income tax) on the paid-up capital of the bank, be declared, and also that, in accordance with such recommendation, a bonus of 16s. per share, or 8 per cent. (free of income tax), on the paid-up capital be declared, such dividend and bonus to be payable on and after Saturday, April 19th, 1913."

Sir Charles Day Rose, Bart., M.P., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, and votes of thanks to the staff and Chairman terminated the proceedings.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Eighteenth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders for the year ended 31st December, 1912, will be held in the Board Room, the Corner House, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 18th June, 1913, at 11 a.m., for the following business:—

1. To receive and consider the Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1912, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
2. To elect Directors in the place of those retiring in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association.
3. To determine the remuneration of the Auditors for the past audit and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact any other business which may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting, or which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors.

The Share Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 18th to the 24th June, 1913, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER who desire to be present or represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants (or may at their option produce same), at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Crédit Mobilier Français, 30 & 32 Rue Taibout, Paris, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting,

and must otherwise comply with the "Conditions as to the issue of Share Warrants or Bearer Shares" now in force.

Upon such deposit or production a Certificate, with Proxy Form, will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

Head Office:

The Corner House, Johannesburg, Transvaal,
19th April, 1913.

By Order of the Board,

H. A. READ,
Joint Secretary.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1912.

CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.

Dr.			
To Capital Account—			
Authorised 2,200,000 Shares of 5s. each	...	£550,000	0 0
Less— 74,005 Shares of 5s. each in reserve	...	18,501	5 0
Issued— 2,125,995 Shares of 5s. each	...	£531,498	15 0
Share Premium Account—			
As per Balance Sheet, December 31, 1911	...	170,777	0 0
Funds Transferred from Appropriation Account—			
For expenditure on Investments in excess of Working Capital provided	...	3,240,807	5 1
Sundry Creditors—			
Unpaid and unclaimed dividends	...	594,574	0 8
Sundries	...	69,018	9 5
		663,592	10 1
Balance of Appropriation Account—			
Unappropriated	...	524,267	16 9
Contingent Liability—			
On account of 5 Shares in the Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd., of a nominal value of £80 each, of which £16 per Share have been subscribed	...	£320	0 0
		£5,130,943	6 11

PROPERTY AND ASSETS.

Cr.			
By Claims and Water Rights, at cost—			
1,251 8359 Mining Claims and 10 Water Rights	...	£39,239	18 0
Freehold Farm Properties—			
"Mooifontein No. 14," Freehold, in extent 612 Morgen 137 Roods	...	14,078	0 0
"Langlaagte No. 13," Freehold, in extent 236 Morgen 311 Roods 89 Feet	...		
"Driefontein No. 12," Freehold, in extent 245 Morgen 424 Roods	...	19,100	0 0
Freehold and Leasehold House Properties	
Reservoirs and Pumping Plants, at cost—			
Natal Spruit Reservoir and Pumping Plant	...	£121,016	0 5
Booyens Spruit Reservoir and Pumping Plant	...	51,796	0 6
Canada Dam Pumping Station and Plant	...	8,425	12 2
		181,237	13 1
Shares—			
Shares of £1:			
92,521 Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd.	...		
Shares of £4:			
23,670 New Modderfontein G. M. Co., Ltd.	...		
Shares of £1:			
55,198 East Rand Proprietary Mines, Ltd.	...		
269,224 Rose Deep, Ltd.	...		
282,593 Geldenhuys Deep, Ltd.	...		
115,558 Jupiter G. M. Co., Ltd.	...		
387,583 Nourse Mines, Ltd.	...		
206,437 City Deep, Ltd.	...		
23,720 Wolluter G. Mines, Ltd.	...		
45,347 The Village Main Reef G. M. Co., Ltd.	...		
114,990 Village Deep, Ltd.	...	3,579,592	16 0
388,450 Ferreira Deep, Ltd.	...		
Shares of 10s.			
852,277 Crown Mines, Ltd.	...		
Shares of £1:			
39,782 Main Reef West, Ltd.	...		
81,444 Bantjes Consolidated Mines, Ltd.	...		
127,027 Durban Roodepoort Deep, Ltd.	...		
12,000 Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Co., Ltd. (6% Cumulative Pref. Shares)	...		
5,222 Booyens Estate, Ltd.	...		
22,463 South Deep, Ltd.	...		
4,230 Turffontein Estate, Ltd.	...		
82,125 General Estates, Ltd.	...		
758 Pretoria Portland Cement Co., Ltd.	...		
Sundry Shares	...	109,814	13 0
		3,689,407	9 0
		3,943,083	0 1
By Machinery, Plant, Stores, etc.		£193	3 3
Vehicles	...	4,441	0 0
Furniture, etc.	...	4,876	7 7
		£9,510	10 10
Deposits on Call bearing Interest		364,184	12 2
Debentures & S.A. Government Stocks—			
£33,960 East Rand Proprietary Mines, Limited, 5 per cent.	...		
£37,950 Crown Mines, Limited, 5 per cent. Debentures	...	31,413	0 0
£211,000 Transvaal Government 3 per cent. Stock	...	37,124	8 3
£37,400 Cape Government 4 per cent. Stock	...	190,427	10 0
Cash at Bankers and in hand	...	37,400	0 0
		11,069	14 10
		671,619	5 3
Sundry Debtors—			
Dividends to be received on Shareholdings	...	419,333	8 0
Amounts owing by Sundry Companies—			
On Current Accounts	...	£1,183	12 3
On Advance Accounts	...	59,661	7 3
		60,844	19 6
Current Accounts and Payments in Advance	
		26,552	3 3
		506,730	10 9
		1,187,860	6 10
		£5,130,943	6 11

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1912.

Dr.			
To Administration Expenses—			
Salaries and rents, Johannesburg and London	...	£10,231	4 0
Directors', Foreign Agents' and Auditors' fees	...	6,645	6 9
Stationery, printing, advertising, postages and telegrams	...	4,883	14 5
Legal expenses	...	84	7 6
Sundry general expenses	...	5,775	8 5
		£27,620	1 1
French Fiscal Taxes		16,252	11 10
English Income Tax		4,776	16 0
Depreciation—			
Written off Freehold and Leasehold Properties, etc.	...	4,566	0 11
Written off Transvaal Government 3 per cent. Stock and East Rand Proprietary Mines, Ltd., 5 per cent. Debentures	...	12,956	7 8
		17,522	8 7
Mynpacht Account—			
Amount written off in respect of property abandoned	...	1,109	13 4
		£67,281	10 10
Balance—			
Profit for the year carried to Appropriation Account	...	1,138,382	3 8
		£1,205,663	14 6
Cr.			
By Dividends on Shareholdings—			
Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd.—20 per cent.	...	£18,504	12 0
New Modderfontein G. M. Co., Ltd.—27½ per cent.	...	25,537	0 0
East Rand Proprietary Mines, Ltd.—25 per cent.	...	13,799	10 0
Rose Deep, Ltd.—45 per cent.	...	121,150	16 0
Geldenhuys Deep, Ltd.—15 per cent.	...	42,388	19 0
Jupiter Gold Mining Co., Ltd.—5 per cent.	...	5,777	18 0
Nourse Mines, Ltd.—15 per cent.	...	58,137	9 0
City Deep, Ltd.—12½ per cent.	...	25,804	12 6
Wolluter Gold Mines, Ltd.—17½ per cent.	...	4,151	0 0
The Village Main Reef G. M. Co., Ltd.—70 per cent.	...	31,742	18 0
Village Deep, Ltd.—17½ per cent.	...	20,123	5 0
Ferreira Deep, Ltd.—42½ per cent.	...	877	17 0
Crown Mines, Ltd.—110 per cent.	...	468,752	7 0
Main Reef West, Ltd.—12½ per cent.	...	4,072	15 0
Bantjes Consolidated Mines, Ltd.—11½ per cent.	...	9,169	9 0
Durban Roodepoort Deep, Ltd.—10 per cent.	...	12,676	14 0
General Estates, Ltd.—5 per cent.	...	4,106	5 0
Pretoria Portland Cement Co., Ltd.—40 per cent.	...	2,303	4 0
Sundry Shares	...	150	0 0
		£1,033,119	10 6
Reservoirs—			
Net Revenue	...	23,687	2 4
Interest and Exchange	...	32,536	19 1
Sundry Revenue	...	6,239	9 9
Shares Realisation—			
Net proceeds of Shares sold	...	108,080	12 10
		£1,205,663	14 6

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.			
To Investment Account—			
Funds Appropriated for year ending 31st December, 1912	...	£127,459	18 8
Dividend Account—			
Interim Dividend No. 18 of 110 per cent. declared 18th June, 1912	...	£584,648	12 6
Interim Dividend No. 19 of 110 per cent. declared 19th December, 1912	...	524,648	12 6
		1,109,297	5 0
Balance unappropriated—			
Carried to Balance Sheet	...	524,267	16 9
		£1,633,910	5 3
Cr.			
By Balance unappropriated—			
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1911	...	£682,648	16 9
Balance of Profit and Loss Account—			
For the Year ending 31st December, 1912	...	1,138,382	3 8
		£1,821,030	5 3

H. A. READ, } Joint Secretaries.
S. C. STELL, }RAYMOND W. SCHUMACHER, Chairman.
E. CHAPPELL, Director.

To the Shareholders of the Rand Mines, Ltd.
We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet, with the Books, Accounts and Vouchers in Johannesburg, for the year to 31st December, 1912, and with the Accounts received from London, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required as Auditors. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

THOS. DOUGLAS,
Chartered Accountant.
C. L. ANDERSSON & CO., } Auditors.
Incorporated Accountants.

Johannesburg,
18th March, 1913.

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